THE

Spartan Dame:

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

BY

His MAJESTY's Servants.

By Mr. SOUTHERNE.

Pellex ego facta Soveris. Ovid. Met. Lib. 6.

LONDON:

Printed for W. CHETWOOD at *Cato's-Head*, in *Russel-street, Covent-Garden*; and T. JAUNCY at the *Angel* without *Temple-Bar*. 1719.

(Price Eighteen-pence.)

Where may be had a correct Edition (just Publish'd) of Mr. *Southern's Fatal Marriage*, or the *Innocent Adultery*,

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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Where may be had a correct Edition (not Published) of Mr. Dennis's Iratus Planing, or the Impious Villainy.

To His Grace the

Duke of *ARGYLE* and *GREENWICH*, &c.

Cknowledgments are the only Effects that are expected to be produc'd from a poetical Eſtate, towards the Payment of our Debts.

The Succeſs of the *Spartan Dame* has been ſo extraordinary, that the Income of her Reputation has enabled me to pay down ſome of thoſe Acknowledgments for the many Favours, which I have receiv'd from Your Grace: I have ever thought it one of the greateſt, that I have been allow'd to be ſo frequently near Your Grace's Perſon, where I have had thoſe great Qualities to admire, which have ſo univerſally diſtinguiſh'd You, at Home, and Abroad, to be of the firſt Names in *Europe*.

The Dedication.

Your forward Valour in War was very early known to the World; and Your Conduct in it, to the laſt, has been no leſs Illuſtrious. *Flanders*, *Spain*, and *Scotland*, have been the Scenes of Your Actions, in the higheſt Ranks of the Army; and ſo long as thoſe Wars remain recorded in Story, Your Name will be remembred with Honour.

The whole Courſe of Your Life has been carry'd on in the ſame Spirit and Vigour. The Court, and Camp, Cabinet, and Senate, have been all, on different Occaſions, Witneſſes of Your eminent Abilities, and Publick Virtues; as Your generous Protection of Your Friends, and engaging Courteſy to all Mankind, are daily Inſtances of Your private Virtues.

My Lord, ſuch heroick Merit, ſuch uſeful Accompliſhments, and ſuch agreeable Manners, have juſtly made Your Grace eſteem'd a moſt Noble and moſt Worthy Patron. I am,

May it pleaſe Your Grace,

Your ever Oblig'd, and

moſt Obedient Humble Servant,

Tho. Southerne.

PREFACE.

THIS Tragedy was begun a Year before the Revolution, *and near four Acts written without any View, but upon the Subject, which I took from the Life of* Agis *in* Plutarch. *Many things interfering with thoſe Times, I laid by what I had written for ſeventeen Years: I ſhew'd it then to the late Duke of* Devonſhire, *who was in every regard a Judge; he told me, he ſaw no Reaſon why it might not have been acted the Year of the* Revolution: *I then finiſh'd it, and, as I thought, cut out the exceptionable Parts, but could not get it acted, not being able to perſuade my ſelf to the cutting off thoſe Limbs which I thought eſſential to the Strength and Life of it: But ſince I found it muſt pine in Obſcurity without it, I conſented to the Operation; and after the Amputation of every Line, very near the Number of Four Hundred, it ſtands on its own Legs ſtill, and by the Favour of the Town, and indulging Aſſiſtance of Friends, has come ſucceſsfully forward upon the Stage.*

PRO-

PROLOGUE

By Mr. FENTON.

Spoken by Mr. CIBBER.

WHEN Realms are ravag'd with invaſive Foes,
Each Boſom with heroick Ardor glows;
Old Chiefs, reflecting on their former Deeds,
Diſdain to ruſt with batter'd Invalides;
But active in the foremoſt Ranks appear,
And leave young ſmock-fac'd Beaux to guard the Rear.
So, to repel the Vandals of the Stage,
Our Vet'ran Bard reſumes his Tragick Rage:
He throws the Gauntlet Otway us'd to wield,
And calls for Engliſhmen to judge the Field:
Thus arm'd, to reſcue Nature from Diſgrace,
Meſſieurs! lay down your Minſtrells, and Grimace:
The brawnieſt Youths of Troy the Combat fear'd,
When old Entellus in the Liſts appear'd.
Yet what avails the Champion's Giant Size,
When Pigmies are made Umpires of the Prize?
Your Fathers (Men of Senſe, and honeſt Bowlers)
Diſdain'd the Mummery of foreign Strollers:
By their Examples wou'd you form your Taſte,
The preſent Age might emulate the paſt.
We hop'd that Art and Genius had ſecur'd you;
But ſoon facetious Harlequin allur'd you:
The Muſes bluſh'd, to ſee their Friends exalting
Thoſe elegant Delights of Jigg, and Vaulting:

PROLOGUE.

So charm'd you were, you ceas'd a while to doat
On Nonſenſe, gargl'd in an Eunuch's Throat.
All pleas'd to hear the chatt'ring Monſters ſpeak,
As old Wives wonder at the Parſon's Greek.
Such light Ragouſts and Muſhrooms may be good,
To whet your Appetites for wholeſome Food:
But the bold Britton *ne'er in earneſt dines*
Without ſubſtantial Haunches, and Surloins.
In Wit, as well as War, they give us Vigour;
Creſſy was loſt by Kickſhaws, and Soupe meagre.
Inſtead of light Deſerts, and luſcious Froth,
Our Poet treats to Night with Spartan *Broth;*
To which, as well as all his former Feaſts,
The Ladies are the chief-invited Gueſts.
Crown'd with a kind of Glaſſenbury *Bays,*
That bloom amid the Winter of his Days;
He comes, ambitious in his green Decline,
To conſecrate his Wreath at Beauty's Shrine:
His Oronooko *never fail'd to engage*
The radiant Circles of the former Age:
Each Boſom heav'd, all Eyes were ſeen to flow,
And ſympathize with Iſabella's *Woe:*
But Fate reſerv'd, to crown his elder Fame,
The brighteſt Audience for the Spartan Dame.

Drama-

Dramatis Personæ.

Leonidas,	A King of *Sparta*, driven out by the People.	Mr. *Mills*.
Cleombrotus,	Attains the Kingdom by the Expulsion of *Leonidas*, marry'd to *Celona*, but in Love with her Sister *Thelamia*.	Mr. *Booth*.
Eurytion,	Husband to *Thelamia*, of *Leonidas*'s Party.	Mr. *Wilks*.
Agesilaus,	The *Ephorus*, an Incendiary of the People against *Leonidas*, and fast to the Interest of *Cleombrotus*.	Mr. *Corey*.
Lysander,	Side with *Leonidas*.	Mr. *Thurmond*.
Zenocles,		Mr. *Williams*.
Mandrocles,	Side with *Cleombrotus*.	Mr. *Will. Mills*.
Thracion,		Mr. *Oates*.
Crites,	Husband to *Byzanthe*.	Mr. *Cibber*.
Celona,	Or *Chelonis*, marry'd to *Cleombrotus*.	Mrs. *Oldfield*.
Thelamia,	Her Sister, Wife to *Eurytion*.	Mrs. *Porter*.
Euphemia,	Another Sister in *Diana*'s Temple.	Mrs. *Seal*.
Byzanthe,	Wife to *Crites*.	Mr. *Garnet*.

SCENE *Sparta*.

Citizens, Guards, Gentlemen, and Attendants.

THE SPARTAN DAME.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Ageſilaus, Mandrocles, *and* Cleon.

Ageſ. PROPOSE 'em as the Buſineſs of the Day,
They'll take up all our Time.
Cleon. I wo'not fail. [*Exit.*
Ageſ. Then he's a King.
Mand. The Change will mend us all.

Cleombrotus *and* Thracion *to 'em.*

Cleon. The Harveſt of our Hopes at laſt is come;
Rich in a Crop that will reward the Toil;
A plenteous Crop, to fill the Reaper's Hand,
And with the Binder's Sheaves, load every Barn.
Ageſ. Then let us not ſtand idle; *Mandrocles*;
And *Thracion*, you muſt to your ſeveral Poſts.

Cleom. Summon our Friends, and lead our Parties to
The *Hyppodrome*: We ſhall have need of you.
Thra. You ſha'not want us long.
Maud. We wo'not fail you.
Ageſ. I am the Engineer to fire the Senate;
The Flame muſt break out there.
Cleom. I follow you!
If we ſucceed, a King ſhall thank your Loves. [*Exeunt.*

Celona *to* Cleombrotus.

Cleom. Celona here! my Wife!
Celo. Your loving Wife.
Cleom. You'r early up to Day.
Celo. My Bed, my Lord,
Has no more Charms for me, when you are gone.
Cleom. Dreſs'd ſooner too than uſual.
Celo. My Beauties,
Such as they are, are honeſt, and my own;
They go to Bed with me, with me they riſe,
And need not many Hours in putting on.
Beſides, for me to court my Morning Glaſs,
And practiſe Looks, were Loſs of Time indeed.
I am already what the Vanity
Of a fond dreſſing Pride, in all its height,
And Wantonneſs of Expectation,
Can raiſe my Wiſhes to; I am your Wife,
Moſt honour'd in that Title; and deſpiſe
The Applauſe and Breath of any other Praiſe,
Than of my Vertue, and Obedience now.
Cleom. Hear this, you libelling Marriage-mortifiers!
You unhous'd, lawleſs, rambling Libertines!
Senſeleſs of any Charms in Love, beyond
The Proſtitution of a common Bed,
Lewdly enjoy'd, and loath'd: hear, hear, and kneel
Before this Shrine, repent, and all get Wives;
That from the healthy Conſtitution
Of your own chaſte Endearments, you may gueſs
At what I feel, too mighty for my Tongue.

Cleo.

Celo. O! ſtop not here, my liſt'ning Soul is charm'd
Into my Ears, and dies upon the Sound
Of ev'ry Word, ſoft as a Lover's Wiſh,
And I cou'd hear you ever.
Cleom. O my fair One!
There is a Story, but I have not time
Now to inform thee in it——
Celo. O my Fears!
Cleom. That will delight thee.
Celo. Your Words always do.
Cleom. Ay, but theſe Words carry ſtrong Senſe indeed,
A ſovereign Senſe.
Celo. The Meaning is too plain.
Cleom. I won't anticipate the Happineſs,
By telling what you will ſo quickly find:
But raiſe your Wiſhes high, mount your Deſires
On bold Ambition's Wing; whoſe airy Flight
Shoots thro' the Clouds, to mingle with the Stars.
When next we meet, I ſhall behold thee——
Celo. A miſerable Woman. [*Going after him.*
Cleom. How, *Celona!*
Celo. O my *Cleombrotus!* my Lord, my Life!
What Furies urge you on this deſp'rate Courſe,
That leads to certain Ruin?
Cleom. Whither wou'dſt thou?
Celo. I fear'd indeed before, but now I find
The *Ephori*, thoſe Fiends of popular Pow'r,
By damning Spells have wrought upon your Soul,
Seduc'd you into a Combination
Of their black Plots againſt *Leonidas*:
Why do you turn away?
Cleom. O! I muſt leave you.
Celo. I am your ſelf, my Lord.
Cleom. Pray let me go.
Celo. Half of your ſelf, your Wife.
Cleom. You are my Wife.
Celo. And in that Right I ſpeak, and ſhou'd be heard.
My Fame muſt live but in your Chronicle:

And as your Actions ſhow to After-times,
My Memory will be honour'd, or deſpis'd;
Therefore I ſpeak, and therefore muſt be heard.
Cleom. Then I muſt hear you.
Celo. Suffer not, my Lord,
The induſtrious Malice of our Hiſtories,
To take the Advantage of a Crime like this,
To ſtain the glorious Story of our Lives,
And curſe our Names to late Poſterity.
Cleom. Thou wou'dſt not have me ſtand a Looker on,
Behold the ſtrongeſt Hand carry the Prize
Of Empire from my Hopes?
Celo. My Soul diſdains
The Weakneſs of that Thought: No, no, my Lord,
I wou'd not have you tame at ſuch a time,
Boldly aſſert the Cauſe of Majeſty;
For yours is the Succeſſion.
Cleom. What I do
Is to ſecure it mine. [*A Servant enters.*
Serv. Crites, my Lord, attends you. [*Goes out.*
Cleom. Pray retire, and in this Confidence, that all my Actions
Shall wait upon my Honour.
Celo. That's my Hope;
Your Honour muſt engage you to the King:
And in that Hope I leave you. [*Exit.*
Cleom. Tender, and Chaſte, and Fair! nay, ſhe was once
The boaſted Pride, and Judgment of my Choice:
So ſhe was thought, and ſo I valu'd her:
But ſhe's my Wife——and nothing but a Wife,
With all her Charms, cou'd have been ſtale ſo ſoon.
[Crites *enters behind him.*
O Curſe of Marriage! Plenty makes its Wants;
And what was meant Love's Food, ſtarves all its Joys:
The Feaſts come quicker than our Appetites:
Yet forcing Nature ſtill, at laſt we cloy, And

And ſurfeit ev'n to loathing.
Crit. My good Lord,
Thelamia may reſtore——
Cleom. My Health, my Life,
She only can, my *Crites*, O that Sound!
The very Mention of *Thelamia*'s Name,
Like a ſtrong Philter, rages in my Veins,
Shoots thro' the boiling Channels of my Blood,
Up to my Heart; then with freſh Fury fed,
Strikes at my Brain, where forming Fancy ſits,
Divining Pleaſures in *Thelamia*'s Arms;
Which thou, and I, in all our Search of Love,
And Riots in Experience of the Sex,
Cou'd ne'er find out in any other Woman:
O! ſhe's excellent, and in that Thought, I muſt enjoy her.
Crit. She's *Eurytion*'s now.
The Prieſt but Yeſterday receiv'd their Vows,
Their mutual Vows, bleſs'd 'em, and made 'em One.
Cleom. How! made 'em One! O! that the cunning Prieſt
Had conjur'd Us together, and made Us One!
Incorporated Body, Blood, and Life,
Our Spirits mix'd, and Love been all our Soul!
Then I had been his Votary for ever.
What's to be done? Speak thou who can'ſt adviſe.
Crit. She's your Wife's Siſter.
Cleom. That's a Name indeed too diſtant from my Hopes.
Crit. Then beſt forgotten. She knows your Love?
Cleom. She muſt have known it long, but warily affects
An Ignorance, that flies the Notice of it.
Crit. She perhaps miſtakes it only for a Brother's Love.
Cleom. No, no, ſhe knows me, and my Meaning well ——
Crit. And flies for Refuge to *Eurytion*'s Arms.
She muſt not 'ſcape you ſo. *Eurytion*, Faſt

Faſt to *Leonidas*, oppoſes you, and every Way——
Cleom. His Virtue bluntly ſtands juſt in my Aim
Of Empire, as of Love.
Crit. Remove him then,
And all your Plots fly ſure, point blank, and level
To the very White of your Deſigns.
Cleom. Thelamia, and a Crown!
Crit. They go together.
Cleom. In that only Thought I'll conquer even
Impoſſibilities: I know the Appearance
Is to Reaſon, hard. But a King's Love
Shou'd never know Deſpair.
Crit. Deſpair! name not the Word. You know, my Lord,
I'm fortunately for your Service, marry'd
Into *Eurytion*'s Family: My Wife
Gives me a Title to their Confidence,
Which I've improv'd, by a profeſſing Zeal,
To ſuch a Reputation, that has been
A Key to all their Counſels. I have ſerv'd
Your politick Deſigns, and may aſſiſt your Love Affairs.
Cleom. O! there is Life in thee.
Crit. All, Sir, depends upon this very Day for the Succeſs. [*Shouts*
Hark, you are ſummon'd forth to head the Crowd.
If your Ambition thrive, you have her in your Pow'r.
Cleom. If that ſhou'd fail,
I wo'not fail my ſelf, Force ſhall prevail. [*Exeunt.*

[*Shouts, ſeveral running croſs the Stage.*

Lyſander *and* Zenocles *enter.*

Lyſ. What's to be done? All's in a wild Combuſtion.
Zen. The People, like a Torrent in its Fall,
Diſdaining Oppoſition, bear down all
Before 'em: Ceremonies, Cuſtoms, Rites,

Laws

Laws, human and divine; Orders, and Men
Devoted to the Gods, profan'd, and ſcorn'd.
Lyſ. All Quality, Diſtinction, and Degree
Of Place, or Virtue, ſwept away, like Rubbiſh,
By the vile Hands of popular Confuſion.
Zen. Our Party in the Senate-Houſe, I thought,
Was ſtrong enough, concluding on thoſe Fools
Of Argument, and Noiſe, who roar'd for us:
But when it came to Blows, our Orators,
So famous for their Battles at the Bar,
And Victory in Words, ſneak'd from their Chairs,
Stinted their Rhet'rick to a ſingle Prayer,
And wiſh'd us well.
Lyſ. Slaves! who, but Minutes ſince,
Drew down the Terror of loud Laws upon us,
And ſpoke in Thunder; now, tho' they ſee the
Rabble toſſing Confuſion about our Streets,
Have not the Courage of a *Lictor*'s Voice,
To bid 'em keep the Peace.
Zen. Eurytion yet ſtands firm, and conſtant.
Lyſ. O'erpower'd by the Multitude,
I ſaw him retreat towards *Juno*'s Temple.
Zen. There the Street is narrow, and may friend
our Purpoſe well.
Lyſ. The Example of his Bravery may ſteel us
To the performance of ſome glorious Action,
Great as our Cauſe, becoming honeſt Men,
[Crites *with* Euphemia, *enters to 'em.*
Zen. The fair *Euphemia!*
Lyſ. O! thou Royal Maid!
No Sanctuary left for Innocence!
Euph. 'Tis fit my Father's Fortune ſhou'd be mine.
Crit. I've ſnatch'd this Casket from the common
Spoil,
Worthy the Safeguard of the general Gods:
And, as my Maſter's Heart is treaſur'd here,
Will place her in the Virgin Goddeſs' Shrine.

Zen.

Zen. The Gods, and good Mens Pray'rs muſt ſide with us. [Crites *with* Euphemia *go out one way*; Lyſander *and* Zenocles *another.*

Shouts, ſeveral Citizens enter.

1 *Cit.* Nay, better or worſe, as time ſhall try; but ſo it is. Now we ſhall have the Laws for taking away our Debts, and dividing Lands. *Lycurgus*, as you have all heard, was a wiſe Man, and lov'd the People. In his Days we were all equal.

2 *Cit.* Equal! Neighbour, as how? How equal? pray?

1 *Cit.* How equal? why —— equal in reſpect of Equality!
How ſhou'd it be! that is, one Man as good as another.

2 *Cit.* Ay, thoſe were Times indeed: but we, and our Fathers afore us,
Now-a-days, are little better than Raſcals, that's the Truth on't. [*Trumpets flouriſh.*

1 *Cit.* Stand aſide: the new King is coming this Way;
Let's ſee how his Majeſty has alter'd him ——
The very ſame thing ſtill for Courteſie. ——
See how he bows, and ſmiles on every Hand ——
Stand cloſe, he'll ſpeak anon.

Cleombrotus *attended.* Ageſilaus, Mandrocles, *and* Thracion, *with* Lyſander, Zenocles, *and* Crites, *Priſoners.*

Cleom. My Thanks among you, my moſt worthy Friends!
This but begins, what a long happy Reign;
(The Gods and you confirm it long, and happy,)
Shall multiply in Bleſſings on you all.
Not One of you, who has this Day appear'd
In the Defence of *Sparta*, and her Laws,

But

But *Sparta* here adopts among her Sons.
Crit. The Sons of *Sparta* now are Slaves indeed.
Cleom. And as her Sons, ſhall find a Parent's Care
To make you happy, and ſecure you ſo,
In all the common Goods of Government.
Omnes. Liberty, Freedom; Liberty in *Sparta*.
[*Shouting.*
Cleom. Enough of this. I wou'd entreat you all
To wait me to the Senate-Houſe; there I
Will give the Reaſons of my Actions:
Which, when our frighted Senators ſhall find
Founded on no Deſigns, but what intend
The publick Weal, our Liberties, and Laws,
And the kind Care of all our People's Peace;
How will they bluſh for ſo miſtaking me!
Ageſ. Miſtaking you indeed, and all your Ends.
Cleom. *Ageſilaus*, you are the *Ephorus*,
The People's firſt chief Magiſtrate in *Sparta*.
Ageſ. But you their Champion and Deliverer.
Mand. The Patron of the People's Liberties.
Thraſ. Their Lives, and Freedoms, all redeem'd by you.
Cleom. Theſe are high ſounding Titles, but the way
To keep 'em mine?
Ageſ. By paſſing of the Laws
For cancelling Debts. ——
Cleom. And the dividing Lands.
Ageſ. Sir, cancelling their Debts, at preſent will
Content 'em: ſtill keep ſomething in your Hands;
Dividing of the Lands may ſerve a Turn
Another time, and make an After-Game.
Cleom I am adviſ'd: lead to the Senate-Houſe.
Ageſ. Yet e'er you go, begin a Juſtice here,
Upon the People's, and your Enemies.
Cleom. My Mercy had forgot 'em. *Zenocles*,
And you *Lyſander*, what you have adviſ'd,
And acted againſt me, I freely pardon.
But as you have betrayed the People's Truſt,

Being of the *Ephorate*, yet ſiding with
Leonidas, againſt their Intereſt:
I, in the People's Name, diſcard you Both
From that high Office; which I will ſupply
With Men of worthier Note: You *Mandrocles*,
And *Thracion*, ſhall fill up this Vacancy.

Mand. and *Thra.* We are your Servants ever.

Zen. We are doom'd.

Lyſ. Is there ought elſe?

Ageſ. Releaſe 'em: You are free. But here's a Rogue
Juſt ripe, and ready for the Hangman's Hands.

Cleom. Thou Firebrand of Fools! what canſt thou ſay
To qualify thy Miſchiefs by Excuſe, in hopes of Pardon?

Crit. What I did, I did in honeſt Earneſt, and by open Day,
In Duty to the Intereſt I ſerv'd:
And now to ſtammer out a weak Defence,
Can't make me innocent, but wou'd betray
A Fear, that never ſhall be Part of me.

Cleom. I know thee dangerous; yet ſince thou haſt
Some Virtues, which prefer and place thee near
The Truſt, and Boſom of a Man I love,
And wou'd engage, I pardon all that's paſt,
Eurytion pardons thee: but his Heart ſcorns
To be oblig'd: and therefore we are forc'd
Not to depend upon him. Forward, Friends. [*Exeunt.*

Eurytion *enters to* Lyſander, Zenocles, *and* Crites.

Crit. Life is not yet become a Burden to me;
Therefore I offer up, in thankfulneſs,
To my Preſerver, to *Eurytion*,
My Days to come, and their beſt Services, to wait upon your Fortune.

Eury. I accept them, and thy Love. Thou truly gallant Man!
Come to my Arms: and O! embrace him all.
This Spirit ſeems inſpir'd to raiſe the Hopes of honeſt Men, And

And I obey the Call: no longer then
Be our Hearts Strangers to each others Breasts:
Fearless, and free, we'll interchange our Souls,
Both of the past, and what we may expect from what's to come.

Zen. What is there to expect?

Lys. Or what can come?

Eury. Let not the Carriage of *Cleombrotus*
Lull us in a supine Security,
Sooth our Credulity to the fond Thought,
That he can pardon us. We are not safe,
Till he be satisfied his Pow'r is so:
And that can't be, but by the Fall of those
Who have appear'd his Enemies.

Crit. And how we stand in his Opinion, is well known.

Eury. We are not Boys, nor is *Cleombrotus*;
Whose quick Suspicion, as it will awake
His Fears of us, so let our Reason too
Provide against the Danger of those Fears,
Which always end in Blood.

Crit. For my own part, I value Life, but just as Life deserves.

Eury. A sudden Thought, but hudled and confus'd,
Unargu'd yet, inspires me with high Hopes,
Which our united Counsels may digest
To a maturity of Growth and Pow'r.

Lys. This Place is much frequented, and too publick
For our present Purpose.

Eury. Pray withdraw with me,
And you shall know the Ground I work upon.
If then you find my Means sufficient
To lead us on in this great Enterprize;

Our Dangers, as our Hopes, will be the same,
A Life with Honour, or a Death with Fame [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Eurytion, *with* Crites *and a Servant, gives a Letter to a Servant, who goes out.*

Eury. THESE must with Speed and Safety be convey'd.
And, *Crites*, in theſe Tablets, you will find
The Method I propoſe in my Deſign,
Which you muſt be inſtructed in: You'll find
Something concern my Wife; let that be kept
A Treaſure in thy Heart: for on that Truſt
Depends my All.

Crit. I'll keep it as my Heart.

Eury. Things thus diſpos'd for our Intelligence,
Nothing that in our Abſence paſſes here,
Can 'ſcape our quickeſt Notice.

Crit. Nothing can:
The diſtance of *Tegæa* from this Place,
Favours our Poſts, that may be hourly with you.

Eury. My time grows ſhort: I have a Word or two
For my *Thelamia*'s Ear: A farewell Kiſs,
Parting with ſuch a Wife, may be allow'd,
And not diſgrace my Duty; that Rite pay'd,
Thither I follow too. [*Going.*

Crit. I know not what,
My ſtaying here behind methinks appears
But an unactive, laſy——

Eury. Pray, no more!

Crit. I wou'd do ſomething for him.

Eury: Your ſtaying here at this time, ſerves us beſt.
Beſides, *Thelamia* in my Abſence may
Need the Protection of thy friendly Care.

Crit. Sir, I have done, and the Charge honours me.

Eury.

Eury. Pray *Crites*, tell my Wife —— I'll go my ſelf——
But ſee ſhe meets my way ——
The Graces all attending on her Steps ——
[Thelamia *enters to him.*
I ſtood but now ſuperior, and unmov'd,
Ev'n in this Fleſh, and Frailty of a Man,
To all the Storms of this bad Under-world,
But wonder at the Virtue of thy Love;
Which, tho' worſe Days were to ſucceed theſe bad,
Might entertain me thro' long weary Years
Of wretched Life: deceiving all my Cares
In thy dear Arms; forgetting all for thee.
Thel. O thou firſt Fondneſs of a Virgin Heart!
How ſhall my untaught Innocence inſtruct me?
How tell thee what my Heart wou'd have thee know?
Eury. Thy Eyes inform me, their chaſte Beams inſpire
And ſpeak in Smiles the Language of thy Heart;
Thy Heart, the Throne of Virtue! where my Peace,
My Happineſs, and Life muſt wait for ever.
Crit. I may provide her better Company. [*Aſide.*
Eury. O let me thus tranſported, view thee ſtill!
Still thus tranſported touch thee! and each Touch,
As raviſhing, as was that furious Firſt,
That gave me the Poſſeſſion of thy Love,
And made thee mine for ever.
Crit. He grows warm
On the Imagination: I may cool you. [*Aſide.*
Thel. Cou'd this but laſt, my Lord.
Eur. It ever ſhall.
Thel. I fear the Gods are envious of our Joys.
Eury. Thus thou haſt often heard me: all my Words
Thus charm'd, and fitted to thy tender Ear:
As when I look upon thee, my fir'd Heart
Muſt wanton in the Rapture of thy Praiſe.
Thus thou haſt always found me: but till now,
Ne'er came prepar'd to leave thee. I have told thee
The hard Neceſſity that preſſes me,
And by my Abſence beſt will be obey'd.

Thel.

Thel. Our Marriage ſure was ominous: the Storms
That threatned, and the Face of Things
That frown'd upon its Birth, when we were join'd,
Portend ſucceeding Miſchiefs.
Eury. Not to thee,
My Love? They cannot mean thee any harm:
Safe in thy Innocence, and Siſter's Love,
Thy Fears are vain: But I have done thoſe things,
Cleombrotus, tho' I were reconcil'd
To all his Ills, can never pardon me.
Therefore my Safety does adviſe my Abſence now.
Thel. O take me with you then! This is a World
The Weak will ſuffer in: and who ſo weak,
As Woman thus expos'd, thus naked left,
Without the Care ——
Eury. Thou art my deareſt Care.
Thel. Yet I am left behind you ——
Eury. Not expos'd:
O! think not ſo: my *Crites* here, my Friend,
Whoſe Honeſty, and faithful Services
Have ſo renown'd, is thy Security,
Thy Refuge from all Wrongs.
Crit. Sir, I am bound the Servant of your Fortune.
Thel. He indeed is truly honeſt: and 'tis ſome Relief
Of my Misfortunes that he ſtays behind.
Crit. My Life upon the Truſt.
Eury. I know thy Faith.
And farther, *Crites*, let *Bizanthe* know
Her near Relation to my Wife does claim
Her a Companion of this Solitude, during my Abſence.
Thel. Her kind Company will paſs away the melancholy Hours.
Crit. Madam, my Wife ſhall conſtantly attend you.
Eury. Tho' I am forc'd thus to abſent my ſelf
From all I love; I ſhall contrive ſome Means,
Some friendly Intervals to viſit thee:
But then my Coming muſt be private, made
A Secret, my own Servants not employ'd.

Crites,

Crites, who has my Reaſons, will inform you,
At better Leiſure, why I thus proceed.
Thel. I have ſufficient Reaſons in your Will,
A Law to me, and ſhall be ſo obey'd.
Eury. He ſhall be qualify'd from time to time,
To let you know what happens.
Thel. I muſt hear
Hourly of your Health. I know not why,
Altho' I know you ſafe in *Crites'* Faith,
Yet ſtill my Heart muſt tremble in its Fears.
Eury. Only the Tenderneſs of parting Love
Baniſh all Fears. [*Exeunt.*
Crit. Ay, ſo ſays *Crites* too,
Security will ſerve the Turn as well.
Here he diſpoſes in my Hand the Scheme
Of their Deſigns—— ſo much for State Affairs——
Then he commits his Wife to the Protection of my Care,
And certain Honeſty. Why thus he ſpares
My Pains, and plays the Game into my Hand.
My Honeſty! alas! that has long ſince
Been brib'd by the Ambition of thoſe Hopes,
Cleombrotus muſt raiſe to Growth and Power.
Therefore I am his Slave, and act all Parts,
His Spy in Buſineſs, and in Love his—— what?
The Word indeed is coarſe to dainty Ears.
But he that makes his Fortune in this World,
Muſt ſometimes do what he wou'd bluſh to name.
I wou'd not be obſerv'd—— the Coaſt is clear——
[*Goes to the Door and returns.*
The Commerce of the World will have us ſave
Th' Appearances, and Dreſs of Decency:
We muſt put on thoſe Forms, and Features, which
Reſemble, and come neareſt our Deſign.
All are not born with handſome Faces; then
Mend 'em, the Ladies will adviſe,
Paint to the fair Complexion of the Times,
And hide the natural Deformity.

Whom

Whom have we here? I wou'd obſerve unſeen——

Celona *enters with* Mandrocles, *and* Thracion *cringing to her.*

Celo. News of a Crown, and Royal Dignity,
Is worth a Welcome ſure from any Hand.
But when ſuch Men——
Thra. The Servants of your Will.
Celo. Such Friends——
Man. Your honour'd, faithful Slaves.
Celo. Such worthy Friends!
Mand. Our Lives, and Intereſts
Devoted to your Majeſty's Command.
Celo. When ſuch as you are the kind Meſſengers,
How can my Gratitude expreſs my Thanks!
Mand. Madam, the Honour of your Royal Hand—
Thra. O'erpays our Hopes. [*Offering to kiſs her Hand, ſhe puts 'em by.*
Cleo. You Brace of courteous, cringing Sycophants!
You double hearted Slaves, and double tongu'd!
Whoſe hollow Flatteries wou'd win me to
Your rotten Sides, only to prop your Pride.
Avaunt, be gone: But that I ſcorn, deteſt
All the Advantages of Place, or Pow'r,
Such deſpicable, wretched Inſtruments
Can raiſe my Fortune to, you ſhou'd not ſcape
The common Hangman's Hands—— my Thoughts are bent
On Matters more importing than your Death.
But fly in time, hated, and curs'd be gone:
For if you tempt me longer by your ſtay,
This Dagger ſhall reward your Villanies.
[*Drives 'em off.*
How I abhor the odious ſight of 'em!
[Crites *comes forward.*
But here comes one, an honeſt-hearted Man,
And welcome to my Eyes. *Crit.*

Crit. Madam, you ſeem
Diſturb'd at ſomething; what can be the Cauſe?

Celo. A Trifle, *Crites*, at the firſt deſpis'd,
But now forgot: My Siſter is within?
Pray let her know I'm here.

Crit. I'm proud to ſerve you. [*Exit.*

Celo. Oh! that I cou'd recall the Innocence
Of yeſterday: then there were Halcyon Calms!
What a Tranquility, and Peace of Mind,
Employ'd the Hours in Comforts on my Days!
My full Content ſate ſmiling on my Brow,
And laughing in my Heart; now fled far off.

Eurytion *with* Thelamia *and* Crites.

Eury. Once more farewell; 'tis hard to part with thee,
But part we muſt: now, *Crites*, I am gone.

[*Exit with* Crites.

Celo. I did not think, *Thelamia*, that your Husband
Cou'd paſs thus coldly by: methought his Eyes
Were cautious of me, and at diſtance held,
Glanc'd on me the Suſpicion of his Fears.

Thel. Oh! do not blame *Eurytion*, tax not him
Of any Fault, but charge it where it is.

Celo. I bring along with me a Siſter's Love;
Wou'd have it ſo believ'd, and ſo return'd:
No Spy upon his Actions.

Thel. You are rais'd
A Partner of that Power he has oppos'd.
From that Reflection, Siſter, you muſt find
My Lord's Excuſe; who, baniſh'd from himſelf,
And driven from the Temper of his Soul,
The natural Diſpoſition of his Love,
Compell'd and forc'd, appears thus chang'd and cold.

Celo. Oh Siſter! can a Lady ſhow herſelf
To more Advantage, than in pleading thus
A Husband's Cauſe? Yet that I am deny'd.

O! 'tis a Theme for the *Athenian* Song;
And fits the Virtue of a *Spartan* Wife.

Cleombrotus *with* Ageſilaus *to 'em.*

Thel. Here comes the King.
Celo. Are you turn'd Courtier too?
Ageſ. He muſt have chang'd his Purpoſe, elſe he had
Faln into their Ambuſh.
Cleom. I am pleas'd
His Flight has ſcap'd 'em: to *Tegæa* I know he's gone,
Some two Hours hence I ſhall have Buſineſs ripe
For your Advice.
Ageſ. My Duty ſhall attend your Majeſty.
[*Exit.*
Thel. 'Tis fit I leave you.
Celo. I wou'd have you ſtay.
Cleom. Oh, Madam, are you found? This is a Place
I'm pleas'd to find you in.
Celo. I'm glad you're pleas'd.
Cleom. I come, *Thelamia*, as a Brother ought to viſit you.
Thel. That Title of your Love makes all my Happineſs.
Cleom. I know your Heart is full of Fears, that your ſoft, gentle Sex,
The Diſpoſition of your Natures takes
More dangerous Impreſſions of your Fears,
Than Bodies ſtronger form'd; therefore I come——
Celo. Like a kind Brother——
Thel. Heaven grant he prove no more!
Cleom. I know, in the Obligation of your Blood,
And as becomes the Office of your Love,
You have already told her——
Celo. Told her, Sir!

Cleom.

Cleom. Ay, given her all thoſe kind Aſſurances—
Celo. Of what, my Lord?
Cleom. Of me and of my Fortune:
Which, as my Friends ſhall ſtill command, ſhe may
Expect an ample Share in.
Celo. That Subject, Sir, you beſt can ſpeak upon.
Cleom. You ſhou'd have done it.
Celo. What Power had I?
Cleom. You know my Power is yours:
Beſides, it muſt have been a grateful Theme.
Celo. I thought not ſo.
Cleom. How! 'twou'd have pleas'd you ſure?
Celo. Far otherwiſe.
Cleom. I thought it might have pleas'd you.
Celo. No, I do not underſtand it.
Cleom. That is ſtrange.
Celo. Nor care to be inſtructed.
Cleom. This proceeds from ſome more ſubtle
Cauſe.
Celo. From a plain Truth:
Nor do I underſtand how I can give
Her more Aſſurances, than I myſelf
Can take from your new Fortune.
Cleom. That indeed
You cannot well; She has a Siſter's Claim,
But you're the Miſtreſs of it, and my Queen.
Come, come, no more of this Indifference,
This Coldneſs misbecomes your preſent State,
It looks like Envy of your Happineſs,
Which only Fools inflict upon themſelves.
Celo. All Arguments are unavailing now,
Tedious and from the Purpoſe; and to ask,
Why you have thus proceeded, cannot change
The Nature of the Action, or undo
What is already done.
Cleom. Grant that, and then
We muſt look forward, where the opening Scene
Diſcloſes Nature, elegantly dreſs'd,

To welcome us in her inviting Arms:
We have that glorious Prospect now in view,
To turn and wonder at the slippery Paths,
The heavy Steps, the difficult Degrees,
By which we rose, were to deny ourselves
Those Pleasures, which invited first our Hopes,
And wou'd reward our Pains. No, Madam, no——

Celo. Oh! Sister, witness to my Virtue now,
Which tempted thus, thus courted to a Throne,
And by the Man, who has all Charms for me,
Stands yet resolv'd.

Thel. Of what?

Cleom. Resolv'd!

Celo. Oh Sir, were it a Task for every common Strength
To undertake, it were no Part for me:
But loving as I do, and so belov'd!
Prosperity inviting every Sense,
With various Arts, to unprovide my Mind!
What but a *Spartan* Spirit can sustain
The Shock of such Temptations; thus resolve
To leave the Comforts of your Bed and Throne,
And live a Mourner for a Husband's Crimes?

Cleom. How! How! *Celona*! wou'd *Thelamia* e'er
Have us'd *Eurytion* thus?

Celo. He never wou'd
Have given her this Cause: my Life, my Love,
My Fortune, my Obedience, all are yours;
But of my eternal Part, my deathless Fame,
I am the Mistress, and must here command.
True Sorrow only lives within the Heart,
And in our Actions best is understood:
Therefore my Virtue will allow no Mean——
I must renounce your Power, or share your Crimes.

Cleom. This Virtue which you fruitlessly affect,
Is a *Plebeian* Weakness in your Soul,
A poor degenerate Fear of what may be,
Which nobler Minds can never apprehend.

Celo. My Lord! my Lord! I was not born to fear;
My Country places me above my Sex:
I am a *Spartan* born, can know no Fears
But of Dishonour, and I wou'd be ſtill
A Coward in theſe Fears.

Thel. Where will this end?

Celo. But you are pleas'd to tax me, in your Phraſe,
Of a *Plebeian* Weakneſs: Sir, I ſcorn
A groveling Soul; I have a Mind as high,
As generouſly inſpir'd with Royal Thoughts,
As enterprizing, great, and glorious,
As e'er Ambition prompted to a Crown.

Cleom. Give me but a Proof of this.

Celo. I will.

Cleom. I ask no more.

Celo. The higheſt Proof. Oh! were what you poſſeſs,
A Fortune nobly rais'd in the Defence
Of Rites inſulted, or invaded Laws!
Your Crown, the Thanks of a free'd Peoples Love,
The Gift of vindicated Liberty!
A Wreath of Triumph over Tyranny!
The glorious Spoil of Arbitrary Power,
Wreſted and torn from an Oppreſſor's Hand!
Oh! were it ſo deſerv'd, and ſo beſtow'd,
How could I dreſs that Brow, and deck my own!
What Plots, what Factions, what Conſpiracies,
What impudent Rebellion ſhould oppoſe
Your Title then! I have a Royal Soul
Wou'd throw me on my Fate, never to reſt,
Till I were in the Grave, or on the Throne.

Cleom. Exert that Royal Soul, let it ſtill reign.

Celo. I will, and as I wou'd all Dangers undertake,
To ſhare the Godlike Power of doing Good;
So from that ſacred Right of Sovereignty,
I ſcorn the Privilege of doing Ill.

No

No generous Motive from the Publick Cauſe,
But an Impulſe of impotent Deſire,
The wandring Luſt of a licentious Will,
Has hurry'd you, to violate all Laws,
Which ſtood between you and your impious Ends.
'Tis therefore I abhor your Tyranny,
That baſe-born Iſſue of unlawful Might!
Begot upon the Fears of bad Mens Crimes,
Or proſtituted ſlaviſh Principles;
Cradled in Infamy, and rear'd in Vice,
Fatted with Feaſts of undeſerved Praiſe!
Blown up with Flattery to a Giant Size
Of Rapine, and oppreſſive Inſolence,
To trample down the Bounds of Property,
And ſeize the common Birth-right, Liberty.
This is the Monſter Idol you ſet up,
Which, in the Pride of Virtue, I deſpiſe,
And in that Pride I go —— But do not think
You can be ſafe, you and your dark Deſigns
Long cannot proſper; nay, by *Hercules*,
The Father of our Empire, I hope they wo'not long:
Nay, I myſelf will head my Country's Cauſe
Againſt your Crimes —— But Oh! the Conflict here!
You judging Gods! whoſe Sentence has aſſign'd
To wretched Mortals our proportion'd Share
Of Labour, and our Recompence of Fame
For Virtuous Actions, look in Pity on me:
Compoſe this toſt, this tempeſt-beaten Breaſt,
With different Tides of ſwelling Woe oppreſs'd;
By turns ſuſtain the Daughter and the Wife,
Or ſink *Celona* in the glorious Strife. [*Exit.*

Cleom. You wo' not leave me too?

Thel. I'll follow her, and bring her back.

Cleom. O! you may ſpare your pains.
Her Fury muſt have way; ſhe's beſt alone,
And we as well without her.

Thel. How, my Lord!
You do not ſpeak your Thoughts, you cannot mean——

Cleom.

Cleom. I can mean only thee! All that thy
Pray'rs
Can ask of Heav'n, all that the Gods can grant
In anſwer of thy Wiſhes, all be thine;
Eternal Youth, an Ever-riſing Spring
Of ſmiling Beauty, in its bluſhing Bloom,
Make thee the Pride and Wiſh of Hearts and Eyes:
All Joys, all Bleſſings, which long happy Years
Of Empire can beſtow, I mean to thee.

Thel. Where wou'd this lead me?

Cleom. O! thou canſt not be
So dull, *Thelamia*, not to apprehend
What this intends: I wou'd prepare thee thus
By ſoft degrees, gently engage thy Ear,
In favour of a Cauſe, which I muſt plead,
And thou muſt judge.

Thel. My Sentence will be mild.

Cleom. Indeed thy Looks are wondrous pitiful:
Thy Heart's a-kin to 'em.

Thel. I mean, my Lord,
I may prove partial, and pronounce for you,
As you're my King, and Brother.

Cleom. O that Word!
Wou'd I were more than that, or not ſo much.
That Brother is too cold: canſt thou not find
A nearer Name? one nearer to thy Love,
That better can beſpeak thee.

Thel. There is none;
No Name, in the Relation of our Blood,
Kindred, or Family, nearer ally'd
To our Affections, than a Brother is;
Husband is only more,

Cleom. And yet you ſee
I am forſaken: nay, *Thelamia*, you
Ev'n you're abandon'd by a Husband too.
Good Gods! what is this Marriage? that ſo ſoon
Depraves our Appetites, that thus prefers
Vile Things to pretious? It comes like Froſt

Upon

Upon a forward Spring: the Flower of Youth,
Wanton in gay Desires, here nipt, shrinks in
With all its Sweets, dropping the tender Head
Upon its Stalk, no worthier than a Weed.

Thel. You're merry, Sir, with our Condition.

Cleom. Who but a Husband ever cou'd persuade
His Heart to leave the Bosom of thy Love,
For any phlegmatick Design of State,
Of Life, or Fortune? But he's satisfied,
And I shou'd not complain: his Absence makes
Me room for my Desires——

Thel. Desires, my Lord!

Cleom. We are forsaken, but not quite forlorn;
Not destitute of Comfort: there remains
A Recompence——

Thel. A Recompence!

Cleom. Rich as my Hopes——

Thel. What Hopes?

Cleom. That seems intended by our very Fates;
Designingly removing every Bar,
To make our way to one another's Arms.
Why do you fly me?

Thel. O! I now perceive my Ruin plain.

Cleom. What can you fear in me?

Thel. I am most miserable.

Cleom. How?

Thel. No more;
I've heard too much: it was too great a Wrong
Ev'n to suspect my Virtue; but to explain
Your guilty Thoughts, is such a Privilege
Your high Place only gives you: and from this
I fear a future Tyranny.

Cleom. Away!
My Thoughts, my every Word, my Actions,
Are Slaves to the Obedience of thy Will,
Nor can assume a Privilege from Pow'r
Of violating thee: but Want will speak,
And all my Want is Love.

Thel.

Thel. Call it not Love;
Coming from you, it has another Name,
Too horrid for the Ear. Were I that Wretch;
Were ev'ry Light extinguish'd in the Mind,
Which brightens Virtue, and shews Vice most foul;
Were I forsaken of all Sense of Good,
Abandon'd, and led captive to all Ill:
One, whose experienc'd Wickedness cou'd prove
Adultery no Sin; yet, ev'n there,
Among the common Rout, you cou'd not hope:
Tho' I were sear'd against all other Sins,
Incest wou'd make me tremble: Sure it is
On this Side Hell known only in the Name:
A Reprobate so lost; there cannot be
So damn'd a Reprobate to act it, sure!

Cleom. Why, Madam, do you think I cou'd proceed
Thus far, upon this Subject, without Thought,
A serious judging Sense of Good and Ill?
I have a Soul like you, a Conscience too,
That apprehends the Terror of such Guilt;
With Fears as nice as yours; and, but I know
My loving you cannot be any Crime.——

Thel. I have a Refuge yet, a Dagger here. [*Aside.*

Cleom. Brother, and Sister, are but Terms of Art,
Occasionally fashion'd to the Ends
Of Government; as Marriage is no more
Than a mere human Obligation;
Of no more Force than is ordain'd by Pow'r;
Which, as it ties the Knot, unties it too:
And I ordain it shall no longer bind.

Thel. O! Sir, consider.——

Cleom. All that you can say,
I have consider'd. I have curs'd my Fate,
But how does that avail me? Curs'd my self,
And the repented Rashness of my Youth,
Whose unadvising Folly gave me to
Your Sister's Bed, now surfeited and loath'd.

Thel. Can you repent your Marriage?

Cleom. Curſes can't mend my Condition; yet I muſt curſe
Eurytion, all the World, that comes between
Me and my Joys in thee. But this is wild,
Quite from my Purpoſe, idly loſing Time,
Whoſe precious Minutes, as they paſs along,
May bring me Comforts: O! there can be none,
But in thy Arms; there I muſt find my Joys,
Or never find 'em. ——

[*He preſſing her, ſhe draws a Dagger.*

Thel. Find 'em in the Grave.

Cleom. A Dagger! arm'd againſt me!

Thel. Stir not a Step: I wear it for my ſelf,
If you attempt me farther.

Cleom. Have a Care; You wonnot wound yourſelf?

Thel. A Thouſand Wounds
This, as the Guard of Virtue, ſhall beſtow,
Rather than leave me to your brutal Will,
The Murder of my Fame.

Cleom. This wonnot do:
I muſt try other Means. [*Aſide.*

Thel. I know I'm within your Pow'r, expos'd to your wild Rage:
But Death's a Sanctuary from all Wrongs,
And that I can command.

Cleom O! only die
The guilty Memory of what is paſt,
My Sin, and now my Shame.

Thel. Can you ſay ſo, and not repent?

Cleom. But you cannot forgive:
I can't forgive myſelf: I've done thoſe Things
Which Pardon cannot reach.

Thel. If this be true ——

Cleom. I cannot look upon that injur'd Face ——
Now to diſſemble well — without a Guilt,
That quite confounds me.

Thel.

Thel. May the Gods, whom you
Have injur'd moſt, forgive you.

Cleom. I have wrong'd you.

Thel. I freely pardon you.

Cleom. How have I ſlept! your Virtue only cou'd
Reſtore me to myſelf: I tremble, now,
At the Apprehenſion of my Wickedneſs,
Of monſtrous Size, and fearful to conceive.
But my Repentance ſets all right again.
Sifter, Farewel — this Victory is yours.
[*Leads her to the Door*
The next be mine, theſe Meaſures but begin,
What Love by Stratagem, or Force, muſt win. [*Exit*

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Ageſilaus *and* Crites.

Ageſ. THAT Way I have my Wiſh; but *Celona*! ſhe
Confounds my Policy: What can ſhe mean?

Crit. What do ſhe mean? Why ſhe ſpeaks plain enough.

Ageſ. I apprehend the fatal Conſequence,
Tho' the King won't.

Crit. Alas! Sir, he's employ'd
In other Fears: Love takes up all his Time:
But the ſole Miniſtry of his Affairs,
The State, you rule.

Ageſ. And I had fix'd it ſure,
Had not my Ambuſh for *Leonidas* been diſappointed.

Crit. I ſhould think, indeed, his Death were well reſolv'd.

Ageſ. I have adviſ'd it often, but the King——

Crit. Dont trouble him.
When 'tis once done, he'll find that 'tis well done.

Ageſ. 'Tis certainly moſt neceſſary.

Crit.

Crit. If it be neceſſary, it is juſt;
And in juſt Things, ſometimes to ſerve a Prince
Againſt his Will, is the beſt Loyalty.

Ageſ. Then 'tis our Duty, *Crites*?

Crit. Without Doubt;
And more than ſo, our own Security.

Ageſ. What's to be done? There's nothing to be done
Or thought on, where he is — could we decoy
Him here to *Sparta* ———

Crit. That's impoſſible.

Ageſ. But how? What Means? What Arts?

Crit. O! there are none.

Ageſ. Then think not on't:
He muſt live on, if 'tis impoſſible
To bring him in our Pow'r.

Crit. Not quite impoſſible,
But very difficult.

Ageſ. Suppoſe you, you, methinks, might quickly find
Pretences probable in his Affair, to draw him here.

Crit. What, Sir, if he were here?

Ageſ. Here he ſhou'd ſtay,
Murder'd as ſoon as enter'd.

Crit. Here's a Letter
Will ſpeak what I have thought upon theſe Things.

Ageſ. 'Tis to *Leonidas*.

Crit. Pray read it. ———

SIR,

THE Gods declare upon your Side, in their Inſpiration of Celona, whoſe Virtue, confirm'd by me, has this Night reſolv'd the Murder of the Tyrant. Pray fail not to head your Friends, who will be ready to ſerve you.

Ageſ. This cannot fail; Crites.
Her Carriage makes all eaſy to his Faith:
He will believe, and come.

Crit.

Crit. Come! he will come:
Not for thoſe Reaſons, which you apprehend,
And might invite another.

Ageſ. I cannot gueſs what you rely on——

Crit. This. I know the Niceneſs of his Virtue ſuch,
That when the Letter tells him that his Daughter
Intends her Huſband's Murder, he will fly,
To ſave her from the Sin.

Ageſ. He may reſolve
To pardon her, and ſo not make ſuch Haſte.

Crit. O! You are wide of him: Not this Earth's Rule
Cou'd bribe him to conſent to ſuch a Crime,
Tho' far remov'd, and diſtant from his Blood;
But when ſo near him as a Daughter's Sin,
You need not doubt his Coming.

Ageſ. Have you ſaid when he ſhou'd come?

Crit. The Poſtſcript ſays at Twelve.

Ageſ. It does, and it appoints your Houſe the Place:
It is the fitteſt Place.

Crit. I'm unſuſpected:
Give me but your Authority, and ſome
Convenient Villains, who dare do the Deed,
And he ſhall fall as ſoon as enter there.

Ageſ. This Letter muſt be ſent.

Crit. *Timæus* will convey it ſpeedily——
He waits without—— [*Goes to the Door,* Timæus *takes the Letter.*]

Ageſ. So, this will make all ſure.

Crit. Fail not upon your Life.

Tim. My Life upon't. [*Exit.*

Crit. I've order'd him to ſtay, juſt 'till he ſees
Leonidas ſet forward, then to come
With his beſt Speed, and bring me certain Word.

Ageſ. You muſt attend——

Crit. Only a Love Affair,
Which happens luckily enough, and ſhall
To-Night employ the King.

Ageſ.

Ageſ. That will allow
Us Time for our Deſigns: I'm glad it thrives.
Crit. O! all goes very well.
Ageſ. He's coming forth:
When you're at Leiſure, I muſt ſpeak with you. [*Exit.*

Cleombrotus *to* Crites.

Cleom. Thou art the Life of Counſel!
It muſt be juſt as thou ſay'ſt.
Crit. Indeed, I think it beſt.
Cleom. Undoubtedly the beſt: And I muſt own
Myſelf ith' Wrong, as Paſſion always is,
So like a mad-brain'd Boy, to think of Force.
Crit. I muſt confeſs, a violent Remedy
In ſome deſpairing Points does very well;
When nothing elſe will do, 'tis well apply'd,
And then a Rape is neceſſary. But
Your Caſe is far from this: She's in your Pow'r,
And cannot 'ſcape you: Nay, I ſay agen,
She ſhannot, Sir; and when I thus declare,
You ſhall enjoy her any Way you pleaſe,
You wou'd not chuſe a Violation.
Cleom. Thou art my Guide of Love.
Crit. This Way, that I propoſe,
Shall introduce you for *Eurytion*,
Give you a free Admiſſion to her Bed,
Which you may ſatisfy as well as he.
Cleom. Then for his Care in coming unattended, in the Dark——
Crit. Unknown of all but me, his faithful Friend.
Cleom. Makes ſtill for us.
Crit. All Things muſt be remov'd,
And ſilent to receive you.
Cleom. If ſhe diſcover me——
Crit. Why, if ſhe does——
Cleom. Wou'd it were come to that.
Crit. Sir, it ſhall come.
Cleom. I am impatient.

Crit.

Crit. 'Tis too early, yet, and you muſt wait; there is no Remedy.

Cleom. Then I muſt wait.

Crit. The Hour will ſoon arrive.

Cleom. Critias, withdraw with me ——— We muſt be nice
In every Circumſtance of Place, and Time:
Thoſe we'll agree within ——— This Service done,
My Thanks in thy Reward ſhall follow ſoon. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Bed-chamber.*

Thelamia *and* Byzanthe.

Thel. I pity thee, *Byzanthe*; thy Gayety
Has caught the Infection of my Company,
And thou art melancholy too.

Byz. I wiſh I cou'd divert you, Madam.

Thel. I thank thy Love, my Friend; 'tis growing late;
Yet, e'er I go to Bed, I'll try to read
An Hour away; it may deceive the Time.

Byz. Pleaſe you, I'll ſtay and wait.

Thel. ——— O! by no means:
I am too troubleſome, but thou art kind.
[*Exit* Byzanthe.

Thelamia *ſits down at a Table, and opens a Book.*

Here I gave o'er ——— The Story ſeems diſtreſs'd:
How will it end! *(Reads) Tarquinius Sextus* then,
Pretending on a Journey, late at Night
Came to *Collatia*, where *Lucrece* was;
And breaking thro' all hoſpitable Laws,
At Midnight raviſh'd her ——— O Villainy!
And moſt unhappy Lady! *Collatine!*
Where was her Huſband then? ——— *Reads again* ———
What

What do I read! a little farther on,
My Author, in his Comment on the Fact,
Says, 'twas her Husband's Absence ruin'd her.
O fearful Apprehension! This is just
The State of my Condition —— The sad Tale
May ominously represent my Fate
In wrong'd *Lucretia* —— I am helpless now,
As she was then —— My Husband absent too,
As hers then was —— nay, he has already dar'd
To force the Modesty of my chaste Ears
With the bold brutal Passion of his Love:
And after that —— But I have forgiv'n him that,
And he repents —— O! it is false and feign'd,
Dissembled, to betray my Faith and me:
Love never is repented, 'till enjoy'd ——
And he, perhaps, this Night, nay, now, resolves.
He may be here already —— Hark! Who's there?
I dare not stay alone —— *Byzanthe*! where,
Where are you?

Enter Byzanthe.

Byz. You're disorder'd much.
Thel. There's something in my Closet.
[Byzanthe *takes a Light, and examines.*
Byz. Nothing here.
Thel. Pray, look again.
Byz. Only your Fancy, Madam.
Thel. I thought I heard a Noise.
Byz. Nothing has stirr'd,
Within your Hearing, since I left you last.
Thel. Where is your Husband?
Byz. Gone in some Affair relating to *Empyion*.
Thel. O! he is a faithful honest Friend, wou'd he were here;
All our good Fortune does depend on him.
Byz. I think I hear him, Madam ——
Thel. Welcome, welcome.

Enter Crites.

Crit. What, Madam, you have Leiſure for a Book.
Thel. O! *Crites*, I have met the ſaddeſt Tale,
The Rape of *Lucrece* there ———
Crit. 'Tis famous in
The *Roman* Story; *Tarquin* raviſh'd her.
Thel. The Circumſtances are ſo near my Caſe ——
Crit. So near your Caſe!
Thel. In all but the ſad End.
Crit. What can ſhe mean! [*Aſide.*
Thel. Her Huſband was from Home,
As mine is now, the wretched Cauſe of all.
Crit. Sure ſhe ſuſpects my Purpoſe. [*Aſide.*
Thel. When I think upon that Midnight Raviſher, I reflect ———
Upon our Sex's Weakneſs, thus expos'd,
How eaſily we are betray'd, or ſold, by any one in Truſt.
Crit. There cannot be ſuch Villainy in Men.
Thel. There ſhou'd not, ſure: Indeed, I was afraid;
But now I think myſelf ſecurely ſafe
In thy kind Care.
Crit. I'm glad you think you are.
Byz. Have you no News for us?
Crit. Faith, I have been
In ſuch a Converſation, ſcarce will pleaſe
In Repetition ——— Marriage was the Theme,
And my Companions its worſt Enemies;
They forc'd me to my Heels.
Thel. What cou'd they ſay?
Byz. No Matter what they ſay.
Crit. By your good Leave,
Theſe Men will be our Judges —— We muſt ſtand
The Inquiſition of their Raillery
On our Condition ——— As, to ſpeak the Truth,
Nothing can 'ſcape their Jeſt: The Gods and Kings,

Manners

Manners and Men, Laws human and divine,
Muſt ſtand, or fall, juſt as they reliſh 'em.
We muſt not think it hard.

Thel. What do they ſay?

Byz. We need not doubt but Marriage has its Load
Of Scandal in the Lewdneſs of their Mirth.

Crit. Why, firſt, they ſwear the Inſtitution
Was never made in Heav'n

Thel. That ſtrikes Home.

Crit. That the malicious Roguery of Age,
Impos'd it firſt, a Penance on the Pride
Of luſty Youth, to keep their Bodies low,
Dull, conſtant Slaves to one tir'd fulſom Bed.

Byz. A Penance do they call it?

Thel. Pray, Sir, on.

Crit. That Love was ne'er conſulted in the Law;
But that it ſtands enacted, and ordain'd
To theſe our Days, that only Intereſt
Of Fortune, or of Friends, ſhould join our Hands,
No mattter for our Hearts.

Thel. Wicked and Baſe!

Crit. Nay, when they once ſet out, they will go on.

Byz. They have gone far enough.

Thel. I'll hear no more.

Crit. Faith, Madam, you may hear a little more,
And not repent your Pains.

Thel. How is the Night?

Crit. Why there's a Queſtion now that brings me Home
Juſt to my Story's End.

Thel. That Queſtion! Why?

Crit. 'Tis juſt about the Time.

Thel. What Time?
Perhaps you have ſome Tidings of my Lord.

Crit. I have indeed.

Thel. When will he come: I languiſh in the Thought
Of his Approach: O! Why art thou ſo long
In News ſo welcome? Prithee, tell me all;

Say any Thing of him, that he is well;
Say that he comes.

Crit. If you would let me ſpeak.

Thel. 'Tis that I would entreat.

Crit. Then he will come
In half an Hour, ſo he ſends me Word.
You know his Pleaſure is, his Coming ſhou'd
Be private, his own Servants not employ'd.

Thel. O! I obey in all. But how cou'dſt thou
So long delay the Comfort of thy News?
But I forgive thee.

Crit. Madam, I muſt wait
Upon his Coming; you prepare for him,
And I'll convey him to you [*Exit.*

Thel. Byzanthe, I muſt require your Friendſhip:
Pray diſpoſe
The Buſineſs of the Family, as you pleaſe,
Out of the Way; I wou'd have all remov'd;
He will obſerve our Care.

Byz. Leave that to me.

Thel. Whilſt I prepare to entertain this Gueſt,
Lodge him in his own Manſion of my Breaſt,
And make him happy, as he makes me bleſt. [*Exeunt.*

Scene *changes to a Street.* Crites *alone.*

Crit. Thus far with Wind and Tide! Things are
diſpos'd
Juſt to my Wiſh to carry on the Cheat.
Where is my Lover now? 'Tis juſt his Time ——
He can't be far —— I had forgot the Sign ——
Not anſwer me? Nay, then he is not come ——
Well, our Employment muſt have Patience.

Enter Eurytion.

Eury. What Sign was that?

Crit. O! You are punctual, Sir.

Eury.

Eury. Rather before my Time.

Crit. Eurytion here! [*Aside.*

Indeed, my Lord, ſomething before your Time:
I did not look for you.

Eury. How am I punctual then?

Crit. Punctual, my Lord?

Eury. Did you expect another?

Crit. Yes, indeed, I did expect another, a good Friend,
Not ſuch a Friend: I have my Scouts abroad,
And muſt be ready for 'em; yet you come
As I cou'd wiſh, to warn you: Dangers, Sir,
Are every where: This is no Place, retire,
You may be ſeen.

Eury. I'll follow thy Advice.

Crit. Go not in there.

Eury. My Safety muſt be here. [*Exit.*

Crit. What ſhall I do? Death! Something muſt be done. [*Exit.*

Cleombrotus *enters.*

Cleom. The Servants ſtill are ſtirring in the Houſe;
I heard 'em talk: I'll take another Turn. [*Exit.*

Crites *returns with* Eurytion.

Crit. This Houſe, you may be ſure, Sir, wonnot 'ſcape
The ſtricteſt Search ——

Eury. Not if ſo general.

Crit. Nor will be leſs ſuſpected, being Yours.

Eury. Much more ſuſpected.

Crites. But that Sign!
What cou'd it mean? ſo late about my Doors,
Juſt as I came to thee?

Crit. I heard it too. Wou'd you were ſafe.

Eury. Well, *Crites*, I am gone.

Crit. The King will ſoon be there.

Eury.

Eury. You'll follow me. [*Exit.*

Crit. When I've ſecur'd all here —— Unſeaſonable Husband! Fare thee well. Why! what a 'Scape was this? At the ſame Time, The very Place, ſo unexpectedly, And juſt upon my Summons of another! But he's remov'd —— if he had ſeen his Wife, 'Thad been impoſſible. That lucky Lye Has ſent him to my Houſe, to wait the King *Leonidas* —— at Twelve I may expect him: 'Tis near Eleven now. *Cleombrotus* Won'not delay me long: For when he comes, My Office only guides him to the Door, And then to make all ſure, I have prepar'd A hearty Welcome for the good old King.

Enter Timæus.

Tim. The good old King!

Crit. Timæus, by thy Voice. Thou'rt come before thy Time.

Tim. I come by your Command.

Crit. I ſaid at Twelve.

Tim. You ſaid that I ſhould ſtay till he ſet forward.

Crit. Is he coming then?

Tim. I ſaw him mounted.

Crit. How attended?

Tim. Almoſt, Sir, alone.

Crit. He muſt be near. ——

Tim. He cannot be far off. *Eurytion*, Sir, already is arriv'd.

Crit. Wait for me at my Houſe. I'll follow thee. [Timæus *Exit.*

This is unlucky —— there's no pauſing now: Thinking but loſes Time: I muſt be gone. Love muſt attend the Leiſure of the State: A ſingle Fortune, this a Nation's Fate.

[*Going out, meets* Cleombrotus.

Cleom.

Cleom. Who's this.
Crit. Cleombrotus!
Cleom. Crites, I think.
Crit. Still worse and worse [*Aside.*
Cleom. Thou wert in Haste.
Crit. Imagine, Sir, the Cause. [*Going.*
Cleom. I know the Cause: I staid beyond my Time,
and thou wert going
To find me out, but I have spar'd thy Pains.
This is the Door; Now, my *Thelamia!* What!
Thou art uneasy still.
Crit. I beg you wou'd
Believe, that nothing, but a Certainty
Of my best Service to you, cou'd perswade me
To leave you now.
Cleom. How? *Crites!* At this Time! and call it
Service?
Crit. Nay, my Duty, Sir.
Cleom. No going, Man; thy Duty now lies here.
Crit. To Morrow will convince you.
Cleom. Thou art mad.
Am I not at the Entrance of my Joys?
Invited by thy own Appointment too?
Crit. But Accidents ——
Cleom. There are in Fortune none:
I conquer her in my *Thelamia.*
Crit. To Morrow she shall be with Safety Yours.
Cleom. I wonnot trust to Morrow: Now is mine.
Crit. This will undo us all: [*Aside.*
Cleom. No Words, but on.
Crit. Let me but speak ——
Cleom. I will have no Excuse; show me the Way.
Crit. Hear but my Reasons first ——
Cleom. Forward I say:
Consider who I am.
Crit. My royal Master.
Cleom. Then thy King commands.
Crit. I must be heard, and then ——

Cleom.

Cleom. Is this a Time,
Thou ſawcy Trifler, for Argument?

[*The two following Speeches are ſpoke together.*

Crit. This is the Time, or I muſt never ſpeak ——
I wou'd conceal it from you, but there is
Now a Neceſſity of telling you, ——
Your Life, your Crown, your Empire are at Stake!
Leonidas, the baniſh'd King is now
Within your Pow'r —— If you wou'd ſave us all,
This is your Time; an Opportunity
Like this —— you cannot hope ——

Cleom. When Expectation rages in my Blood,
And ſhoots a thouſand Fevers thro' my Veins? ——
Is this a Time, thou Prater! —— hence, be gone; ——
Still he goes on, and louder in his Words! ——
Not let me ſpeak! This is an Inſolence,
That never yet was offer'd to a King,
And ſhou'd be anſwer'd by a Dagger, thus.

[*As* Cleombrotus *offers to ſtab him*, Crites *ſtops, and bows*

Cleom. Impudent Slave! Open thy Lips again
Upon this Subject, this ſhall lock 'em faſt,
As cloſe and ſilent as the Jaws of Death.
Forward, and introduce me to her Arms,
And on thy Life ſtir not till my Return. [*Exeunt.*

Scene *changes to* Celona's *Apartment.*

Celona, *Servant, and* Leonidas.

Celo. One in Diſguiſe! Some from *Leonidas*.
Admit him: Leave the Room —— 'tis he himſelf!
Thus on my Knees, thus let me thank the Gods,
Who let me ſee you once again in *Sparta*.

Leon. Celona, riſe; the Poſture is too humble,
And misbecomes that haughty Excellence,
Which knows to form new Virtue, and wou'd ſhine
A Pattern to the uninſtructed World.

Celo.

Celo. Indeed my Fate with intricate Misfortune
Has compass'd round my Virtue. Wife and Daughter!
Each different Duty shows a Precipice,
Where-e'er I turn my Eyes: But yet my Honour,
That steddily wou'd tread the narrow Path,
Looks with Contempt upon the pageant Greatness,
And most inclines where there is most Misfortune.

Leon. It may incline too much.

Celo. Too much it cannot.
You seem'd, and yet I wou'd not think you did,
You seem'd to tax the Conduct of my Virtue.
But yet that Power, who places such as me
In labouring Mazes of an anxious Fate,
Who damps the Joys of all our present Hours,
And pays us with the Promise of a Name,
Shall see that I submit to his Decrees,
(If I am mark'd for glorious Wretchedness)
To shine the Pattern of a *Spartan* Daughter.

Leon. That Fame's too narrow for a *Spartan* Princess,
Celona too shou'd be a *Spartan* Wife.

Celo. Have I offended then?

Leon. Offended! O!
Thou in a Moment wou'dst deface those Trophies,
Which my laborious Ancestors, thro' Ages,
Toyling for Fame, had pil'd up, Legacies
To their succeeding Sons.

Celo. High let 'em stand,
Admir'd Examples to less generous Man,
'Till I by any Act disclaim their Blood.

Leon. When Guilt is in its Blush of Infancy,
It trembles in a Tenderness of Shame,
And the first Eye that pierces thro' the Veil,
That hides the Secret, brings it to the Face:
But thine amazes me, and seems confirm'd,
Beyond Confusion bold, and dares the Light,
And the reproaching Horror of thy Father.

Celo. *Cleombrotus* would ſpeak more tenderly,
And treat my Virtue, tho' his Enemy,
In a more gentle Way.

Leon. O! all you Ghoſts!
You injur'd Spirits of my Anceſtors!
Forbear a while to fire your tortur'd Son.
By all your Acts, which form'd my Youth to Honour,
You truſt your Glory ſafely in my Hands;
Nor ſhall my Loyns defile your ſacred Blood:
Give me but ſo much Reſpite in my Fury,
To juſtify the Rage of my Revenge,
To the Remains of Father in my Heart.
Firſt, ſhe ſhall triumph in her Crime, and ſhow
A hardened Soul, beyond forgiving damn'd,
And take her then, ſhe falls your Sacrifice.

Celo. What diſmal Reſolution ſhakes you thus?
When I believe I underſtand your Words,
Some ſudden Start, that contradicts my Thoughts,
Throws me in wild Amazement.

Leon. Ay, my Child! I will amaze thee, when I let thee know
The tendereſt Inſtance of a Father's Love;
For I have ſav'd thy generous Hand the Blow,
A dangerous Task, and done the Work alone.

Celo. Alas! What Work! What Blow!

Leon. The giddy World,
Unequal Judges of exalted Honour,
Perhaps had blam'd thy Zeal: But now 'tis paſt:
Nor ſhall thy Fame be truſted to the Crowd:
Yet thou ſhalt triumph too: Thine was the Act,
My Arm inſpir'd by thee.

Celo. What can you mean?

Leon. Canſt thou not gueſs?

Celo. You more amaze me, Sir.

Leon. I tell thee then, my Heroine! This Night,
Pretending Secrets, and Intelligence,
I gain'd Admiſſion to *Cleombrotus*;
Alone I found him, you may think the News ——

Celo. Wou'd I were paſt all Thought. *Aſide.*

Leon. I ſent this Steel with Tidings to his Heart,
Nor parted thence, 'till with repeated Wounds
I left the unpanting Villain on the Earth.

Celo. And this muſt be my Triumph! Heav'n and Hell
Are reconcil'd, and join contending Pow'rs
To make my Ruin infamouſly ſure.
I ſtrove to aid my King, and ſave my Lord,
Yet now am call'd his Murderer, you Gods!
And bid to triumph in my Huſband's Blood.

Leon. You ſeem diſturb'd.

Celo. Was it for this, you Pow'rs!
I ſtrove to keep the temperate Balance juſt,
Between my different Duties? 'Twas too much
And you reſerve thoſe Heights of Excellence
To your unrival'd Heaven: I ſhou'd have been
Only a Wife, or Daughter! For you daſh,
With Jealouſy, attempting Virtue down,
That dares beyond your Limits to their Fleſh.

Leon. I thought you would have prais'd me.

Celo. O, my Lord, I muſt not curſe you.

Leon. What! For an Act you wou'd have done yourſelf?

Celo. I wou'd have done! Murder my Huſband, Sir?

Leon. This very Night you had deſign'd his Death:
I know it all.

Celo. And I too much: But cou'd you think me ſuch
A Monſter, Sir? But, Oh! I find you do.

Leon. Why! Did he not deſerve his Fate?

Celo. O, Sir! I grant he has deſerv'd from Heav'n, and you,
And all good Men, worſe than you can inflict:
I have arraign'd and ſentenc'd his Deſerts:
And I muſt think the Gods but juſtify'd,
You honourably reveng'd, and good Mens Pray'rs
But juſtly anſwer'd in a Tyrant's Fall:
All this I think with you, and you were wrong'd:
But how was I? How has he injur'd me,

To make me capable of ſuch a Sin,
Barbarous, and yet without a Name in Hell,
As you imagine, Sir, I had deſign'd?
Is't not enough that I abhor his Crimes,
But I muſt be his Murderer? If the Gods,
And you, to clear my Fame, will have it ſo,
If I muſt ſtrike at him, it muſt be here ——— [*Offers to ſtab herſelf.*

Leon. O Virtue! never to be found again!
Thy Husband lives.
Cleombrotus ſtill lives.
Forbear a Violence, that in thy Breaſt
Wou'd wound me deeper than thy Ponyard there.
I did but try thee: And in theſe Extreams
I find thee ſtill ſincere to all my Hopes,
Fixt to thy Virtue and thy Country's Fame,
Thy Sexes Glory, and my Daughter ſtill,
A *Spartan* Daughter, and a *Spartan* Wife.

Celo. Thoſe Titles raiſe me.

Leon. I have been abus'd,
And thou art innocent: This Letter read
At Leiſure: *Crites* knows what it deſigns,
He ſent it, and I muſt ſuſpect it now.
O guards, you Gods of *Greece!* my faithful Friends
From the deſtroying Arm of Treachery;
Blunt the ſharp Arrows which in Darkneſs fly:
Diſcloſe the Midnight Arts, and break the Snares
Which fair fac'd Villany's falſe Heart prepares.
If in the Courts above it be decreed
A Sacrifice to *Sparta*'s Peace ſhould bleed,
On me, great *Jupiter*, on me alone
Hurl the collected Storm of Thunder down.
But in your Anger from your threatning Sky
Regard me, cloath'd in decent Majeſty,
Submiſſive to your Will, and reſolute to die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Cleombrotus.

Cleom. THus far I'm undiſcover'd. O frail Fleſh!
And Vanity of Fancy! My Deſires,
Which mounted me above my mortal State,
Whoſe Rage, I thought, nothing but Age could tame,
How have they droopt the Wing? How are they ſunk
Into the poor Concerns of Earth again?
Now, *Crites*, I can hear thee. Sure there is
Something extraordinary, as his Carriage was;
He does not uſe to contradict me: And,
If I remember right, I heard him ſpeak
Something abruptly of *Leonidas*.
There may be Danger near: I muſt be gone:
Thelamia takes me for her Husband ſtill:
I wonnot undeceive her, that may ſerve
To morrow Night, and I can ſtay till then——

Thelamia

Thelamia *enters with a Light.*

A Light! She follows me.
Thel. O! Do not find
A Trouble in my Love, which thus attends
In Duty now: Speak, and assure my Fears,
You are not angry with me: O my Lord!
I can forgive your stealing from my Bed,
Your Silence there, but not this Silence now.
What! Turn away! Nay, going from me too!
That must not be: This Hand, my Lord, is mine,
Nor can I part with it without a Look ——

[*He turns to her, she drops his Hand, shows her Surprize, by standing stupidly still a while without speaking; he offering to speak, she snatches at his Sword, draws it half out; failing in that, she throws herself into a Chair, in the most violent Passion of Grief.*

Thel. The Gods refuse me their Assistance too.
Here let me fall forgotten.
Cleom. Let me raise you.
Thel. Touch me not, Monster, thou hast sunk me down,
And can'st not raise me ——
Cleom. To my Bed and Throne.
Thel. Dishonour fill thy Bed, and Death thy Throne.
Cleom. That's an unkind Return.
Thel. Art thou not gone? Thou hast accomplish'd
The fatal Ends of thy Design on me;
What wou'dst thou more?
Cleom. I wou'd bring Comfort to you.
Thel. O thou Destroyer! Fly, fly from my Eyes:
The sad Remains of my poor wretched Life
I wou'd employ in Sorrow for my Fate,
In Penitence, and Mercy to the World:
But while thou stand'st in View, I cannot weep:
My Eyes refuse the Comfort of their Tears
To my Misfortunes: All their Moisture feeds

The

The Paſſion in my Heart, which only can
Be eas'd by Curſes on thee.
Cleom. Do not curſe: ——
Or if you muſt, think where you ſhou'd begin.
Thel. O! where begin, indeed! All, all deſerve
Alike from me, the Gods and Fate, *Crites* and thou.
Cleom. The Gods, for making you thus heavenly fair,
And I, for loving you.
Thel. Both have been my Curſe.
Cleom. *Crites* and Fate were but my Inſtruments;
Thoſe you have curſs'd in me.
Thel. That *Crites*! O!
How was he truſted! how has he betray'd!
But I myſelf am guilty of my Fall,
By a fond, fatal Ignorance abus'd,
And made th' Accomplice of my Ruin too.
Cleom. That fatal Ignorance, then, is your Excuſe.
Thel. O! there is none in Nature, no Excuſe
For Crimes like mine: My Siſter's Huſband's — Oh!
Cleom. Be patient, Madam, there's your Remedy,
You have no other now.
Thel. Yes, there is one
Revenge that cannot fail me —— While I live,
I muſt ſolicit that of Gods and Men;
And Earth or Heav'n will do me Juſtice, ſure.
Cleom. I'll do you the beſt Juſtice; be adviſ'd,
And hear me calmly —— What is done, is paſt,
Without your Crime: If it be any Crime,
'Tis ſo in me: But then 'tis ſuch a Crime,
The Purchaſe of my Peace, and ſo belov'd,
I never can repent.
Thel. O hardned Wretch!
Cleom. 'Tis yet a Secret: While you keep it ſo,
Your Huſband is not wrong'd; or, if he be,
He, who has done it, can maintain the Wrong:
And then where's your Revenge!
Thel. Art thou ſecure
In Wickedneſs? That Fool's Security

Shall

Shall be thy Ruin? When I have proclaim'd
To all the World, as, while I have Life, I will
Proclaim my Wrongs———

Cleom. Your Shame, your Infamy:
The World will call it ſo: And then you make
A Monſter of your Huſband.

Thel. O! Revenge, Revenge! thus, raving thro' the Streets,
I'll cry for Vengeance on thee: All good Men,
Fathers, and Huſbands, Brothers, *Spartan* born,
In the Defence and Cauſe of Chaſtity,
Will arm to ſave their Daughters, Siſters, Wives,
From my Diſhonour in thy Tyranny;
And, forwarding the Juſtice of the Gods,
Will riſe againſt thy execrable Deeds,
Level their Thunder at thy Life and Crown,
O'erturn thy Throne, and end thee in thy Crimes.

Cleom. 'Tis poſſible your Story may do Harm,
And therefore I'll prevent it.

Thel. Only Death ſhall ſilence it.

Cleom. Death ſilences at laſt:
You ſee the Fortune of your preſent State,
That 'tis not to be mended by Complaints,
Yet you complain, and vow to be reveng'd.
If you continue obſtinate, reſolv'd
Not to be pacify'd, 'tis a hard Courſe,
But Nature does oblige me to provide
For my own Safety, and that is beſt ſecur'd
By your *Eurytion*'s Death.

Thel. His Death!

Cleom. I have vow'd his Death.

Thel. What is his Crime? I do deſerve to die.

Cleom. 'Tis Crime enough to be your Husband now.
I know his Diſaffection only wants
A Cauſe, like this, to animate the Crowd,
And his Deſigns againſt my Reign, and me:
But that he ſhannot have: Out of a Senſe
And Tenderneſs of you thus far I have
Withheld my Juſtice, which now you enforce:

Therefore reſolve either to pardon me,
Or doom *Eurytion* dead. *Crites*, you know,
Can bring him in my Power: This is your Choice;
Think well upon't, I will walk by awhile.
Thel. Alas! what Choice! I have no Choice to make:
My Ruin's certain: But *Eurytion!*
Can I reſolve his Death? he has been wrong'd
Too much already: O! I never can
Reſolve his Death - - - - there is no other Way - - - -
Let me diſſemble for a Husband's Life,
In ſuch a Cauſe, in hopes of a Revenge.
Cleom. I wait your Anſwer, Madam, if you have
Conſider'd well, I know you will forgive.
Thel. If I ſhould not, it will avail me little.
Cleom. Little indeed avail.
Thel. Then my Revenge,
That will involve us all in other Crimes.
Cleom. In Blood, and Murder: There muſt be the End.
Thel. O fearful Sounds! I would not be the Cauſe
Of Murder for this Earth.
Cleom. Then no Revenge.
Thel. Then no Revenge indeed. But O! my Shame,
My Infamy!
Cleom. That I'll ſecure you from:
And I can keep a Secret, when engag'd
By my own Intereſt; that's the certain Charm
Upon Mens Tongues: So you are ſure of Mine.
Thel. I wiſh I could believe.
Cleom. I wiſh you could:
But to engage me deeper in my Truſt,
I ſwear - - - -
Thel. By what?
Cleom. I would by this fair Hand.
Thel. Well, well, I muſt believe you.
Cleom. May I hope you have forgiven me?
Thel. Hope is in your Power.

Cleom. Say but you have.
Thel. Not to ſay otherwiſe, is far enough at firſt.
Cleom. You mean it then?
Thel. You may interpret for me.
Cleom. Then I ſay, you have, or ſhou'd forgive me.
Thel. You may find my Meaning out hereafter:
For this time I wou'd be private.
Cleom. You will not ſay farewel?
Thel. To be alone.
Cleom. Then bid me go----
Thel. Farewel.
Cleom. That Farewel bids me ſtay: but I muſt go. [*exit.*]
Thel. O! what a Part am I condemn'd to act,
To ſave my Husband's Life! my Husband! Oh!
I have no Husband: This foul Raviſher,
This Villain, Tyrant, Author of all Ills,
Divorces me for ever from my Lord:
Has rob'd me of the Honour of a Wife:
Nor am I worthy of that Title now,
Or any Name, but ----Oh! let me here
Bury that Name, and all my Miſeries:
Sink down beneath the Burden of my Woes,
Into my Grave, unmention'd, and unmourn'd,
Ne'er be remembred in my Story more,
To the Diſhonour of my royal Houſe,
Or Shame of virtuous Wives.

Celona *and* Byzanthe *to her.*

Byz. What do I hear?
Celo. Amazement of my Senſes! can this be
Thelamia on the Earth! theſe Sorrows hers!
Byz. She minds you not.
Celo. O! 'tis *Celona* ſpeaks, thy tender, loving Siſter.
Byz. See, that Name raiſes her Head a little.
Celo. Now thy Tears
Flow faſter than before. O you good Gods!

Inſtruct me to redreſs, or comfort her.
Nay, I intreat thee, do not ſmother thus
Thy Griefs with Groans, but give thy Paſſion Words:
They will unload the Burden of thy Heart,
If they do nothing more: *Byzanthe*, help,
Help me to raiſe her.

Thel. O! you miſemploy
Your Charity on a Wretch, whom all the Gods
Concurring in their Bleſſings, with your Means
To bring me comfort, never can reſtore
To Happineſs.

Celo. O you malicious Stars!
I thought my Fortunes might have ſatisfied
For our whole Family: You ſhow'd your Pow'r
Enough in me: You might have ſpar'd her Peace:
But now where will you end? O! Siſter, ſay,
Speak to me, tell me, can there be a Cauſe
Of this Diſtreſs?

Thel. There is a wretched Cauſe:
Believe it ſuch, and ſeek to know no more.

Celo. I'll help you to ſupport - - - - -

Thel. The Load will ſink us both.

Celo. Then we ſhall fall together. Come, the Cauſe?
I have a Siſter's Title, and a Friend's,
That wonnot be deny'd - - - - nay, no more Tears,
But tell me.

Thel. I can't ſpeak - - - - -

Celo. Away.

Thel. To any but a Siſter.

Celo. Pray withdraw. [Byzanthe *goes out*]
Now tell your Griefs, none but a Siſter hears.

Thel. And now I dare not: Oh! enquire no more:
Tho' 'tis moſt fit my Griefs ſhou'd be reveal'd,
'Tis moſt unfit they be reveal'd to you.

Celo. If they relate to me, I am prepar'd,
Give 'em a Tongue.

Thel. You'll curſe it, when it ſpeaks - - - *Cleombrotus* - - -

Celo. My Husband?

Thel. Monſter of Men.

Celo. Indeed his Practices have well deſerv'd
To be thus treated: But, *Thelamia*, I
Have not deſerv'd to hear you call him ſo.
If he has made you wretched, I am made
Unhappy too: If in a Husband's loſs,
I've loſt him too: Equal in all your Griefs.

Thel. O! yet there is a Grief beyond all theſe!
A Loſs, beyond my Father, Husband, Life:
You wonnot underſtand - - - -

Celo. The Gods protect the Honour of our Houſe,

Thel. 'Tis ſain in me:
I am abus'd, diſhonour'd, and undone!

Celo. O! for a Thunder-bolt, the Arm of *Jove*
To execute the Vengeance of my Heart
Upon the Raviſher.

Thel. Cleombrotus.

Celo. Again *Cleombrotus!* O! have a care,
This is a Subject, that concerns my Peace,
Near as my Father's Cauſe: Therefore no more.
I know thou haſt been wrong'd, I ſee it plain:
The Marks of Ruin bluſh upon thee ſtill:
And thy great Griefs perhaps have turn'd thy Brain:
It muſt be ſo: For thou art mad indeed,
To ſay *Cleombrotus* cou'd uſe thee thus.

Thel. This only cou'd remain to make me yet
More miſerable: If my Injuries
Be of that monſtrous Growth above Belief,
How ſhall I bear 'em? But they ſink me down,
And this muſt eaſe me.

[*Going to ſtab herſelf.*]

Celo.

Celo. O! Siſter, hold!
Thel. I ſaid before, you were
Unfit to hear the Secret of my Fate:
Yet you would hear, and wonnot now believe.
Celo. Wou'd I con'd not believe: but Oh! I find
A Fear in every Thought, that makes me ſhake,
In Apprehenſion of the fatal Truth:
And now each trifling Circumſtance appears
In Evidence againſt him: O! 'tis plain:
I had forgot I met him at the Door,
Juſt as I enter'd here: There needs no Proof.
Monſter of Men indeed! and Tyrant now!
Here I confeſs the Weakneſs of my Sex,
Defenceleſs quite againſt a Stroak like this:
And my full Heart can only ſpeak in Tears.

Leonidas *enters to 'em.*

Leon. My Children weeping both!
This is a Sight will make me old indeed.
Speak one of you, inform me of the Cauſe:
Celona, Oh! it muſt be bad indeed
That thus can conquer thee. *Thelamia,* thou
Art going: O! I dare not bid thee ſtay,
Nor ask the Reaſon of thy parting thus:
But thy Diſorder and Confuſion ſhow
Thee moſt concern'd. [*Exit.* Thelamia.]
Celo. There is no ſaying who
Is moſt concern'd: If I may judge the Cauſe,
I'm injur'd moſt, tho' 'tis a Wrong to all:
Nay, Sir, be you the Judge, but Age can't know
The Pangs of ſlighted Love; therefore no Judge
Of my Condition. O! to be deſpis'd!
Is ſuch a Thought! it ſtrangles Patience.

Leon.

Leon. Why this is Madneſs, Child.

Celo. What! at my Years forſaken! had I been
Ugly or old, miſmatcht to my Deſires,
My natural Defects had taught me then,
In a tame Expectation of my Fate,
To ſat me down contented: But to be
Thrown off, abandon'd, for a Siſter too!
O monſtrous Love indeed! that ſuch a Sin,
As Inceſt could not tame.

Leon. What ſay'ſt thou? ha!

Celo. Thus violated, forc'd, and thus abus'd,
She ſtands acquitted to the judging World,
And Death, or a Revenge, redeems her Fame.
But I muſt ſtand the Shot of every Tongue,
The Cenſure and the Jeſt of laughing Fools:
Be pointed at for the forſaken thing,
Forſaken for a Siſter!

Leon. Yet again thy Siſter! ſpeak.

Celo. O! yes, while I can ſpeak.

Leon. Thelamia forc'd!

Celo. Forc'd by *Cleombrotus.*

Leon. Inceſtuous Tyrant! Plagues of every kind,
Long ſtudied, and ſtor'd up by Wrath divine,
For the Revenge, and Fate of ſuch bad Men,
Fall thick upon his Head: But O! he ſins
Beyond my Curſes now, and only Hell,
All Hell can do him Juſtice —— Had the Gods
Thought fit to exerciſe my Patience,
Stript me of all the Comforts of this Life,
My Friends, my Hopes, ev'n to my very ſelf ——
But here my Age gives way, here I muſt own
The Frailty of a Man ſurpriz'd, unarm'd,
Unguarded, naked to this ſtunning Blow,
That drives me to the Earth a weak old Man.

Celo. O Miſery on Miſery!

Leon.

Leon. Away!
Tears are thy Sexes Comforts, I muſt find
Mine in Revenge.
Celo. Revenge!
Leon. Revenge for thee
Thy Siſter, and us all. O! I have been
Aſſiſting to this Ruine: Had my Ears
Been open to the Counſels of my Friends,
This might have been undone: but it is done,
And now muſt be reveng'd?
Celo. O! Sir, forbear a while.
Leon. No time ſo fit for my Deſigns.
Celo. But hear me.
Leon. Paſſion has no Ears.
Or if I did, Words cannot alter me. [*Exit.*]
Celo. Alas! my Woman's Weakneſs has undone
All that my Virtue had ſo long preſerv'd;
Now I too late perceive the Conſequence:
How fatal this Diſcovery muſt be
To my *Cleombrotus*! for he is mine,
My Husband ſtill, however baſe and falſe.
Tho' I am wrong'd in the moſt tender Part,
Moſt ſenſible of Pain, I am his Wife;
That is the Character I muſt maintain:
But to preſerve it —— ſomething I muſt do,
But what, or how, the Gods yet only know. [*Exit.*]

She goes out, Crites *paſſing over the Stage.*

Crit. All that I could of Moment I have learnt;
But when the Husband follows at my Heels,
'Tis time to vaniſh: I have done my do
At Chamb)r-practice, and muſt ſhift the Scene.

He goes out, Eurytion enters.

Eury. I meet with nothing but Diſtraction
Thro' all the Houſe; my Servants fly the Room
Still as I enter it, as each were loth
To be the firſt in ſome unwelcome News:
Ev'n *Crites* ſhuns me too; ſomething there is
I wonnot think the worſt: Heav'n guard the King,
And my *Thelamia*: if either be concern'd,
'Twill be too ſoon to know, when I muſt know;
Till then I would not gueſs: But here's the King,
And half my Fears are vain.

Leonidas enters.

Leon. The other half? who is your Fear?
Eury. O! you may gueſs, my Wife.
Leon. This is no time for Wives.
Eury. No time, indeed, if your Employment call me.
Leon. Then no time;
For I have Buſineſs for thee.
Eury. Sir, ſpeak on.
'Tho' I ſhould ſtarve the Youth of my Deſires,
And come but old to her expecting Arms,
The bare Reflection of my Loyalty
Shall make amends for all my loſs of Love.
Leon. Have thy Reward, and hear me: thou art raſh,
And muſt be preface'd into Government,
And Temper of thoſe Paſſions, which would riſe
Againſt my Reaſons, and undous all.
Eury. Sir, I am calm.
Leon. Then know I have this Night
Reſolv'd to undertake the publick Cauſe ——

Eury.

Eury. Heav'n proſper the Reſolve.

Leon. What all my Friends
With honeſt, weary Counſels cou'd not gain,
The general Wrongs have forc'd.

Eury. The general Wrongs are then our Friends?

Leon. O! the worſt Enemies to thee, and me:
Thine is the general Wrong —— *Thelamia* ——.

Eury. My Wife! what, Sir, of her?

Leon. Are you a Man?

Eury. Talk'd you of Wrongs, and her?
I am a Man indeed, to hear them join'd,
Yet hold my Reaſon ſtill: But, Sir, be quick;
I cannot promiſe you, it can be long
That I ſhall hear you: Madneſs will enſue
The bare Imagination of her Wrongs,
And hurry me upon ſome wild Attempt,
Which my Repentance never can repair.
O! therefore tell me all.

Leon. Then hear me all —— *Cleombrotus* ——

Eury. *Cleombrotus!*

Leon. Soon as he found
Your Abſence, made his way, beyond all Senſe
Of Nature, Gods, or Men, in brutal Rage,
Purſu'd *Thelamia* with his monſtrous Love.

Eury. My Wife!

Leon. My Daughter, and thy virtuous Wife.

Eury. Then ſhe is virtuous. O! the infernal Fiend!
It went no farther? ha! it cou'd not, Sir,
For *Crites* was her Guard.

Leon. He, he betray'd both her, and all.

Eury. O Villain, bred in Hell!
Has he betray'd us? But it ended there?
O! anſwer the Impatience of my Fears:
They cou'd not ſure proceed?

Leon. Still more reſolv'd, and bolder ſtill ——

Eury. Where will my hurrying Fate?

Leon. Forſaken thus of every friendly Help,
And nothing but her Virtue, her Retreat,
To ſave her from thoſe ſavage, threatning Wrongs,
She ſwallow'd Poiſon ——
Eury. O too cruel Gods!
Leon. And ſo expir'd.
Eury. 'Tis too much for Life.

Eurytion *ſeems ſtun'd, and dozes.*

Leon. Nay, then he is prepar'd to know the worſt—
Thelamia——

Goes to the Door, and brings Thelamia *in a Veil, by degrees, to the middle of the Stage.*

Eury. O! that Name!
Leon. Come forth, my Child.
Eury. Cou'd it awaken Death, as it does me,
My Cheeks ſhou'd burſt with the repeated Sound:
O! how could I invoke the Rivers, Springs,
Vallies, and Hills, Dales, Rocks, and vocal Groves,
With all their ſplirting Echo's, to my aid?
Nay, from the ſtormy Quarters of the Sky,
Conjure the Winds, charm e'en the violent North,
Who, in the tempeſt of his boiſtrous Voice,
Should ſummon my *Thelamia* back again,
But, oh! the Tyrant, deaf to all my Cries,
Hears not my Summons, folds her beauteous Limbs
In his cold Arms, as he wou'd grow one piece
Of Earth with her, and I but rage in vain——

Turning, he ſees her, and ſtarts.

Have then the Gods reſtor'd her to my Prayers!
It muſt be ſhe O! ſatisfy the Fears,

If poſſible, of every Senſe at once:
I wou'd be all convinc'd.

Leon. She lives in Death a Life of Miſery,
Eury. Not ſpeak to me! what! not one Look!
Leon. O! the black Hand of Fate
Has drawn that Curtain to conceal her Wrongs——
Eury. I find 'em now, worſe than a thouſand Deaths.
Leon. But they will burſt, like Lightning, from that Cloud,
And blaze a Day of Horror in revenge.
Eury. Speed it, you Gods! tho' it be Nature's laſt.
Revenge her Wrongs! Here I devote my Days
To Blood, and Vengeance. [*Kneels.*]
Leon. Vengeance ſtays for us,
Stalking impatient thro' our frighted Streets,
Our Friends united too, to puſh it on.
Eury. She's going.
Leon. O! thou Captain of our Cauſe!
We follow thee thro' all the Paths of Death.
Eury. The Sword from thy foul Wrongs ſhall never part,
Till ſtab'd, and bury'd in the Tyrant's Heart.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT. V. SCENE I.

The Outside of a Temple.

Leonidas, Lysander, Zenocles, *and People.*

Leon. THE Gods propitious combate on our Side,
The People animated in this Cause,
To break their Yoke, and vindicate their Wrongs.

Eurytion *to them, with Gentlemen and Guards.*

Eury. Hither the Chace has led us: The vile herd
Routed, and scatter'd.
Leon. With the Morning-dawn
They, and their Leaders fall into our Hands.
Eury. Confounded in the Desert of the Night,
Let 'em brood o're the Terrors of their Guilt,
To wait the coming Vengeance of the Day.
Zen. The Passes are secur'd.
Lys. None can escape.
Leon. Cleombrotus has here immur'd himself

In *Neptune*'s Temple - - - - -
Lyſ. Garriſon'd, and man'd,
In bold Defiance of the Gods themſelves.

Cleombrotus *and* Crites *on the Walls.*

Cleom. Who name the Gods, and yet with impious Hands - - - - -
Come arm'd againſt their Temple?
Eury. Monſter! thou,
Thou haſt polluted it into a Den
Of fouleſt Villany, of Luſt, and Blood.
Cleom. Do not you make it ſo, it yet is pure.
Eury. Art thou there, *Crites?* hang upon him ſtill,
And weigh him down to ſure Perdition.
Cleom. But who art thou? that I deſcend to thee:
Leonidas I ſpeak to, once a King.
Thou doſt uſurp the Shadow of the Night,
To paſs thy faded Glory on the State,
And haſt ſurpiz'd a Midnight Victory
O're frighted Citizens, and ſleeping Laws;
Which will awake, rouze, and exert their Force,
In the Defence of their inſulted King,
To drive thee out again to Baniſhment.
Leon. Miſtaken Wretch! thy Subjects are no more;
The Laws remain, and gladly live for thee,
Their Tyrant once; they are thy Judges now:
Therefore ſurrender up thy ſelf to them,
And ſave us from the Miſchief of more Crimes.
Lyſ. This is your laſt Retreat.
Zen. Which will be forc'd.
Cleom. Then here I ſtand my Fortune - - - -
Eury. Puſh it on.

Leonidas,

Leonidas, *&c. coming forwards on the Stage.*

Cleom. Now, *Crites*, now purſue thy own Advice.
Thou trembleſt! ha! thou ſhouldſt have fear'd before,
In time have fear'd, fear'd to have done the ill,
Not fear to ſuffer for it, being done.
Crit. If it ſhould not ſucceed - - - - -
Cleom. Why then thou feel'ſt
The worſt already that can follow it - - - -

Crites *retires.*

All is at ſtake, but there is yet a Chance
That promiſes, and may riſe fair for us.
Eury. While you prepare th' Attack upon the Gate,
And keep 'em buſie to defend this Side,
I have my Pioneers at work unſeen,
To dig their Graves, and bury 'em in Ruin.

Goes out; Leonidas, *and his Party advance to the Gate, in order to break it open.*

Leon. Abandon'd of all Good! the Gods refuſe
Their Sanctuary to ſuch Villanies,
And give thee up devoted. Fall on then,
And force the Gate.
Cleom. Yet hold, *Leonidas*,
Look up, I have an Offer yet to make - - - -
Leon. Be quick.
Cleom. 'Tis this - - - -

Euphemia

Euphemia *on the Walls.*

A Daughter to preſent to you.

Leon. My Child! *Euphemia!*

Cleom. Draw off your Men:
For the firſt Violence to force the Gate,
Shall ſend her to you from the Battlements.

Leon. I plac'd thee in *Diana's* ſacred Train,
To ſhelter thee from my tempeſtuous Fate.

Cleom. And I remov'd her, by the wiſe Advice
Of honeſt *Crites*, my beſt Counſellor,
To ſhelter me from this impending Storm.

Leon. O! What is all our Foreſight? You juſt Gods!

Cleom. Nay, no Expoſtulations with the Gods:
They have declared for us in the Succeſs.
Nor will a thundring Tale of Sacrilege
Beat down theſe Walls, or gain an Outwork here.
Therefore to cut off Time, you muſt reſolve
To give up all Advantages you've gain'd,
Diſperſe your Faction, and withdraw your Friends,
And you retire from *Sparta* inſtantly,
Or ſee this Daughter of your Age, ſo lov'd,
So innocent, firſt raviſh'd by my Slaves,
And murder'd next to cloſe the guilty Scene.

Leon. O you great Gods! determine for me now.

Cleom. Do you determine, for the Choice is yours.

Euph. O my Great Father! 'twere Impiety
Beyond his Crimes, to think the heavenly Powers
Can ſuffer what he only dares to name.
Purſue your injur'd Cauſe, your juſt Revenge,
Nor loſe a Moment in the Dread of me.
Therefore again reſign me to the Gods,
The tutelary Parents of the Weak,
Who can diſarm the Proud in his own Strength.
There is a Hand unſeen, a Shield to me.

Cleom.

Cleom. Many I have to execute my Will.
Leonidas, again I ſummon thee.
What I have done, is a convincing Proof
I will do more; that I am reſolute
To every Deed, my Safety, or Revenge
Solicits me: And I will make ſhort Work,
Give her my Slaves, and drag her to her Fate.
Leon. Hold, hold, the Gods diſpoſe of me, and mine.
The Father gives his all to ſave the Child:
Unſtain'd reſtore her to my trembling Hand,
And I renounce my Pow'r, reſign my Crown,
Disband my Friends; or if you would have more,
It ſhall be done: See, they are going, Sir,
O my kind Friends! a long, a laſt farewel!
Afford me but *Euphemia*, that Support
Of my declining Age, and I am gone,
Never, O! never to ſee *Sparta* more.

Shouts in the Temple.

Crit. What Shouts are thoſe?
Cleom. In thy cold Fit again.
Lyſ. The Gods begin to thunder from their Shrines.

Mandrocles *above to* Cleombrotus.

Cleom. What is thy News?
Man. The Temple is ſurpriz'd.
Crit. Surpriz'd!
Cleom. Impoſſible!
Man. Eurytion is at the Head of the bold Enterprize,
And is already enter'd.
Cleom. Enter'd too?
Zen. Our brave Deliverer! [*Below.*]
Crit. What will become of me?
Cleom. How got he Entrance?

Man.

Man. Thro' Vaults, and ſecret Paſſes under Ground,
Diſcover'd by the Prieſts.
Cleom. I am betray'd.
Man. They ſay you are betray'd,
Betray'd by *Crites.*
Cleom. How!
Crit. Betray'd by me!
Man. For there are Orders given to ſave his Life.
Cleom. To ſave his Life!
Man. The Prieſt, who does preſide,
Is of his Blood, and ſhow'd your Foes the way,
Upon that Promiſe.
Cleom. Thus I make it good——

Seizing Crites *by the Throat.*

Villain! Betrayer! thou haſt brought me here
To the Gulph's Mouth, and doſt thou plunge me down?
But thou ſhalt try the Leap——'tis a juſt Thought——
If thou haſt kindred Devils in the Air
To break thy Fall, the Prieſt may thank 'em for't.
Seize him, take, hoiſt him up, break off his Hold,
And toſs him headlong from the Temple's Wall.
Crit. O, ſave me, ſave me, kill me by the Sword.

Crites *thrown down, they gather about the Body, and drag it off.*

Cleom. Down with him, there he lies, I follow next,
Upward, or downward, 'tis indifferent. [*Exit*]
Leon. Drag off the Carcaſs, caſt it out expos'd,
The Food of Dogs——
Zen. Vulturs, and Wolves his Grave.
Shouts, and Noiſe of Fighting in the Temple.
Leon. Hark, we are call'd.

Lyſ. They are engag'd.
Leon. Be quick.
Fly, fly to the Aſſiſtance of our Friends:
Employ your Crows of Iron, Leavers, Beams
Againſt the Gate——

They attack the Gate.

Zen. Dig its Foundations up.
Lyſ. Spare nothing in your way.
Leon. With heaving Force,
Wrench the compacted Joints of the ſtrong Pile.
O! for the battering Ram with armed Head
To tumble down all Oppoſition.
Zen. Bravely, bravely done.
Lyſ. See, it gives way.
Leon. Another Tug unlocks the griping Hinge.
Lyſ. It burſts, it flies.
Leon. Now follow for the Crown
Of all your Pains.

They force open the Gate, and enter. Shouts again, and noiſe of Fighting continued, till the Scene draws, and ſhows the inſide of the Temple. Eurytion *gives ground to* Cleombrotus, *and his Party, but is join'd by* Leonidas, *and his; then they drive* Cleombrotus *to the Front of the Stage, and take him Priſoner, his Party fight off the Stage.*

Leon. Purſue, *Eurytion*, let 'em not have Breath
To rally, but cut off their lateſt Hope.

Eurytion *goes out with his Party.*

After this Mercy of Deliverance,
O! never may the Innocent deſpair!

Lyſ. This Beaſt of Prey, this bloody Wolf at laſt
Is hamper'd in the Toyl.
Leon. Bring him along——

Celona *kneeling at the Door.*

Ha! is it thus, *Celona*, thou doſt greet,
Thus hail thy Father's Safety, and Succeſs?
Celo. O! for my Father's Safety, and Succeſs,
I kiſs the Earth in Adoration
Of the juſt Gods; dejected, humbled thus,
In this poor ſuppliant State, they have beheld
Me often on my weary'd Knees for you,
And they have heard my Vows; left me no more
To ask of them: They have preſerv'd, preſerv'd,
And re-enthron'd you in their Mercy's Seat,
Their great Vicegerent, now a God to me.
Leon. Thy Father ever, riſe, *Celona*, riſe.
Celo. 'Tis to that Father then I do appeal,
Not to the Judge: O! I give up my Cauſe,
Condemn'd, and ſentenc'd; and I wonnot move
A Word in the Defence of that bad Man,
A Burthen to the Earth with all his Crimes.
But O! remember, Sir, I am his Wife——
Leon. Forget him, moſt unworthy of thy Care.
Celo. Inſtructed in that Duty, taught by you,
Ty'd to his Fortune, wedded to his Fate,
To bear a Part in all his Weal, or Woe:
O! therefore, if you would defend my Fame,
My Virtue, which your Precepts firſt inſpir'd,
Let me not leave him in Extremity:
If you wou'd ſave your ſinking Daughter's Peace,
Beſtow her Husband's Life, grant it to me;
Forfeited, dead already to the Laws,
Sparta renounces him: Then drive him out
To reprobated Exile round the World,
A Cative, Vagabond, abhor'd, accurs'd,

Moſt miſerable in a hated Life.
I ask but for a change of Puniſhment,
More exquiſite, and ſharp: Revenge itſelf
Should grant me that. O! only ſpare theſe Eyes
The murd'ring Object of a Husband's Death.

Leon. Defend me, ſhield me. See *Thelamia* comes—

Thelamia *enters on the other ſide, veil'd, with a Bowl in her Hand, as drank off.*

To tear me from thee— [*Goes to her.*]
O! that Poſture pleads
More than a thouſand Tongues: This fatal Bowl
Is drein'd, and empty'd of its Poiſon now;
A cordial Draught, and thou art happy, Child;
The Gaul of Bitterneſs is left for me.
'Tis with the ſharpeſt Conflict of my Soul
My Bowels are diſtracted in the Love
Of my unhappy Children.

Eurytion *enters.*

Eury. Your Enemies are proſtrate at your Feet;
And Mercy may become the Conqueror:
But Vengeance is the injur'd Husband's Right,
Thus with ſtrong Hand I ſeize, and make it mine.
[*Stabs* Cleombrotus.]

Celo. He's gone.
Leon. His Crimes be bury'd in his Death.
Thel. The Voice of Vengeance in my dying Ear
Is ſweeter than the Songs of happy Life.
Eury. Talk not of dying.
Thel. O! I only liv'd
To hear I am reveng'd, reveng'd by you.

Eury.

Eury. Look up, and feed thy famish'd Eyes with Blood.

Leon. Remove the fatal Object from our Sight.

Celo. And me for ever from a hated World.

The Body carry'd off.

Thel. Yes, once again I lift my faded Eyes
For a last Look of my *Eurytion*,
To feed 'em at the Fountain of thy Light,
And fill me with thy Image, then to close 'em
In lasting Night.

Eury. Thou art going.

Thel. Lead me hence
From this infected Air; My Spirit shrinks,
And cannot mount in the same Sky with him.
Let me not fall an Outcast of thy House,
Nor in my Ruin lose the Name of Wife;
Preserve *Thelamia* in thy Memory,
Who liv'd for thee, and for thy Loss could die.

Eurytion leads her off.

Leon. The Dead are past our Care.

Celo. Past all their Care,

Leon. Be comforted, *Celona.*

Celo. I was born
To be unhappy, and I have my Lot,
This is the Portion was reserv'd for me,
Unhappy in the dearest Names of Love,
A Wife, and Daughter, and I am past the Care,
The miserable Care of Comfort now.
Yet I will bear this wretched load of Life,
But far remov'd, and shut out from the World,
No more to be remember'd in my Wrongs.

Leon. Thou wilt not leave thy Father?

Celo. I am gone already, Sir.

Leon.

Leon. Forſake his hopeleſs Age?

Celona *goes to* Euphemia, *brings her forward to* Leonidas.

Celo. The Gods are preſent to you, and have ſent
This Bleſſing yet in ſtore to raiſe your Hopes.
Leon. My Child! I had forgot thee in the Crowd
Of buſy Fate. O! do I hold thee ſafe!
The Gods have been thy Guard, and my Support.
Celo. And be they ever ſo. The Winter's Rage,
That tore your Branches from the bleeding Trunk,
Is now ſucceeded by the healing Spring,
To ſtanch its Wounds, and make it ſprout anew.
Receive her, as that welcome Spring of Life,
Pregnant of future Bleſſings for the World,
To riſe in Comforts on a Father's Age.
Her teeming Virtues ſhall enrich this Land,
With the moſt worthy Progeny of Kings,
A long Poſterity of happy Times.
Euphemia is the Promiſe of the Year,
A golden Harveſt riſing to your Hopes:
O! be that Promiſe every Year renew'd,
And in its circling Plenty be fulfill'd!
So ſhall her gentle Influence cheer Mankind,
And ripen this into an Age of Gold.
Saturnian Days may then again return,
And e'en *Celona*'s Griefs forget to mourn.
Leon. *The guilty Wretch ſo does the Thunder tear*
The Innocent, involv'd by being near,
Are bleſted, and the ſpreading Ruin ſhare.

4 AP 54

FINIS.

EPILOGUE,

WRITTEN BY

Major *Richardſon Pack.*

OUR Author's Muſe a num'rous Iſſue boaſts,
And many of the Daughters have been Toaſts.
She who now laſt appears upon the Stage,
(The Hopes and Joy of his declining Age)
With modeſt Fears, a cens'ring World to ſhun,
Retir'd awhile, and liv'd conceal'd a Nun:
At length, releas'd from that Reſtraint, the Dame
Truſts to the Town her Fortune, and her Fame.
Abſence, and Time, have loſt her many Friends,
But this bright Circle makes her large Amends.
To You, Fair Judges, ſhe ſubmits her Cauſe;
Nor doubts, if You approve, the Mens Applauſe.
Some ſullen formal Rogue perhaps may lour,
(Rebel to Female, as to Royal Pow'r)
But all the Gay, the Gallant, and the Great,
On Beauty's Standard with Ambition wait.
Glory is vain, where Love has had no Part:
The Poſt of Honour is a Woman's Heart.
Ev'n Chains are Ornaments, that You beſtow;
The more your Slaves, the prouder ſtill We grow.
Man, a rough Creature, ſavage-form'd and rude,
By You to gentler Manners is ſubdu'd:

In

The EPILOGUE.

In the ſweet Habitude we grow refin'd,
And poliſh Strength with Elegance of Mind.
Our Sex may repreſent the bolder Pow'rs;
The Graces, Muſes, and the Virtues, Yours.

But ah! 'tis Pity, that for want of Care,
Madmen and Fops your Bounty ſometimes ſhare,
Wretches in Wit's Deſpight and Nature's born,
Beneath your Favour, nay, below your Scorn.
May poor CELONA's *Wrongs a Warning prove,*
And teach the Fair with Dignity to Love.
Let Wealth ne'er tempt you to abandon Senſe;
Nor Knaves ſeduce you with their grave Pretence.
Be vile Profaneneſs ever in Diſgrace;
And Vice abhor'd, as Treacherous, and Baſe.
Revere Yourſelves; and, Conſcious of your Charms,
Receive no Dæmon to an Angel's Arms.
Succeſs can then alone your Vows attend,
When Worth's the Motive, Conſtancy the End.

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4. AP 54

Juſt publiſh'd, printed for W. Chetwood *and* T. Jauncy.

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